

## Catboyification

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/27562387) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/27562387>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Rape/Non-Con</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a> , <a href="#">Multi</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Dream SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity/Karl Jacobs/Sapnap</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity/Sapnap</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity/Karl Jacobs</a> , <a href="#">Karl Jacobs/Sapnap</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/Karl Jacobs</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity/Luke   Punz</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity/GeorgeNotFound</a> , <a href="#">Luke   Punz/Sapnap</a> , <a href="#">Schlatt/ Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Foolish/Wilbur Soot</a>
Character:	<a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity</a> , <a href="#">Karl Jacobs</a> , <a href="#">Luke   Punz</a> , <a href="#">Noah Brown   Foolish Gamers</a> , <a href="#">Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Cat/Human Hybrids</a> , <a href="#">Collars</a> , <a href="#">altered mind states</a> , <a href="#">Transformation</a> , <a href="#">Riding</a> , <a href="#">thigh fucking</a> , <a href="#">slick</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">cum filling</a> , <a href="#">excessive cum</a> , <a href="#">stomach bulges</a> , <a href="#">Cat Tails</a> , <a href="#">anon writer no8</a> , <a href="#">Purring</a> , <a href="#">Voyeurism</a> , <a href="#">Cuckolding</a> , <a href="#">Gang Rape</a> , <a href="#">Gang Bang</a> , <a href="#">Corruption</a> , <a href="#">feederism</a> , <a href="#">Aftercare</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Smut</a> , <a href="#">Self-Lubrication</a> , <a href="#">Breeding</a> , <a href="#">Praise Kink</a> , <a href="#">Name Calling</a> , <a href="#">Rimming</a> , <a href="#">ass eating</a> , <a href="#">Oral</a> , <a href="#">Dry Cumming</a> , <a href="#">Overstimulation</a> , <a href="#">Degradation</a> , <a href="#">Sex Toys</a> , <a href="#">Anal Plug</a> , <a href="#">Cheating</a> , <a href="#">Implied/Referenced Cheating</a> , <a href="#">Orgy</a> , <a href="#">tail pulling</a> , <a href="#">Edging</a> , <a href="#">Vibrators</a> , <a href="#">Dry Orgasm</a> , <a href="#">Punishment</a> , <a href="#">Bondage</a> , <a href="#">Gags</a> , <a href="#">Disobedience</a> , <a href="#">Obedience</a> , <a href="#">Light Masochism</a> , <a href="#">Light Sadism</a> , <a href="#">Choking</a> , <a href="#">Name-Calling</a> , <a href="#">Subspace</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 9 of <a href="#">Anon no8</a>
Stats:	Published: 2020-11-14 Updated: 2022-06-26 Chapters: 9/11 Words: 25620

## Catboyification

by [Anonymous\\_number\\_8](#)

### Summary

George finds a mysterious collar in a desert temple and things get a little weird.

### Notes

TW: Dubious consent due to altered mind states



## George + Dream

With one swing of his pickaxe George broke the center most piece of blue concrete and hopped on down into the desert temples treasure room only narrowly missing the pressure plate at the bottom. George quickly began flipping through chests and dusting sand off their contents. A few iron ingots, bones, emeralds, an enchanted book or two with useless enchantments. Nothing of importance. With one last chest to go through he plunges his hand into the sand filled box and feels the cold touch of metal. He gets excited hoping its a golden apple but as he wraps a hand around it it becomes apparent its not. He fishes it out and shakes it off to reveal that its an ornate golden collar decorated with rare ores and an intricate bell dangling from the front.

The collar is definitely not for a cat, or at least the ones he's seen in the villages. Its much too big, it could easily fit around his neck in fact. George swallows and thinks about it for a moment, playing with the bell idly before slipping it into his bag. He'll get it checked out next time they stop by a village maybe someone would know something about it. He quickly disarms the tnt trap and starts to climb back up to meet with Dream to share his findings.

George didn't tell Dream about the collar, he doesnt know why he didnt its just that he thought Dream didn't need to know. It doesn't really concern him even though theyve agreed they are in this expedition together. George told himself that he'd tell Dream tomorrow maybe when he showed it to a blacksmith, or maybe a librarian, or even a priest. All he wanted to do is check into an inn and get some rest.

George unstrapped his stuffy iron armor the second he got into his room and flopped down on the bed. He was practically baking in the heat. he only took a second to cool off before he found himself reaching for the collar in his bag, hands touching the cool metal making him shiver. After the heat of the day it was tempting to try on. He sat up and headed into the small rooms bathroom. Watching himself as he unclasped the collar and put it on. Immediately the cool gold against his collar bones felt heavenly. It just felt right to have on surprisingly, like it was made for him. Something stirred in him in that moment.

George clutched at the counter top as he let out a breathy gasp. An overwhelming feeling of pleasure shot through him, a dull throbbing pain sprouting in his head and lower back. Waves of heat washed over him and saliva pooled in his mouth as the pain grew and grew. Georges hands shot down to his crotch, rubbing his dick through his pants, whimpering out in need. His mind clouded with only lust. Before he knew it his pants were around his ankles and his cold hands were wrapped around his dick. He bit hard down on his lip as he worked his way up his shaft, shuddering as he felt the slick of precum on his hands. He bucked his hips wildly as he just looked for release, orgasm ripping through his body like it was nothing. Thick globs of cum just kept on coming, spraying across the counter and onto himself. George's legs started to wobble underneath him suddenly he fell to the ground of the bathroom, blacking out with his own cum spewing onto him.

---

When George woke up he felt a warm fuzzy feeling spread across his body. He felt well rested, despite sleeping on the tile floor of the bathroom, like a totally new person almost. He stretched and yawned, but as he got up he felt something new, and when he looked in the mirror he realized what was up.

Cat ears and a tail, and on top of that his teeth were sharper. His hands shot up to the collar to take it off but he stopped himself, something told him that he shouldn't. George brought his hands up

and instead started to scratch at his own ears, eliciting tiny purrs to bubble up from his throat. He rocked his hips back and forth a bit, letting out a surprised little "Mrrp?" as he felt something start to leak from his ass.

Cautiously he brought a finger back behind him and spread his legs, feeling slick run down his fingers. Slick? That's what it seemed to register as in his brain. Some newfound instincts telling him to find something to put up there and make him feel good.

He walked out into his room, brown tail swishing behind him. He ran his body up against the bed before laying down and curling up, hiking up the cum stained shirt he still had on and spreading his legs to expose his slicked up ass. Lazily he started to circle his entrance, cuddling down into the pillows on his bed as he shifted his hips. When the first finger went in George started to purr loudly. He was satiating a primal need deep down inside of himself, a need to be filled. His cock started dribbling when he got two fingers deep quickly adding a third afterwards.

As he bucked his hips upwards he started to realize that his fingers would only do him so much good. His tiny fingers could only get him so far since he couldn't touch his prostate. George tries to finish himself off eagerly, hiking his legs up higher to get a better angle. His purrs start to stutter and become weaker as he whimpers out, desperately fucking himself with his own fingers but he can't finish for the life of him. He's never done anal but this doesn't seem normal, another wave of heat hits him as he tries to figure out what to do next.

As if right on cue there's a knock at the door. "George? Ready to grab breakfast?" George started purring at the sound of Dream's voice and shoving his fingers in even deeper. Dream waited for a moment, faint moans and purrs sounding out through the door. "George? Are you up?" The door starts to creak open, wide green eyes staring at him through the doorway.

"What the hell- George!" The door slams the door again. An awkward silence falls over them and George pulls his fingers out of himself allowing his slick to dribble onto the bed. Dream cracks the door open, his eyes meeting George's deep brown eyes. George lets out a tiny chattering meow as he tries to stick his face out the door. "George? What's going on?" Dream's holding the door so that George can't get out but he's not shutting it in fear that he'll hurt his friend. "Nothing.. Just- nmmh- just need some help." It quickly becomes clear that George is rubbing up against the door as he purrs out moans.

"You need help?" Dream let out an exasperated breath. "George, something is up. Why do you have cat eA-?" Suddenly Dream feels a tug on his hoodie as he's pulled into the room. George leads the man to the bed and sits down on his lap. He starts to move his hips back and forth gently grinding into Dream "Mmm.. master, master I need this.." Dream sits there dumbfounded for a second just staring at George.

Dream hesitantly takes George's hips in his hands "Are you sure..?" George desperately nods as he grinds on Dream. "Need you bad, so bad..." With that Dream loses any shred of control he has and worms his hand between him and George to unzip his pants. George is on him by the time he has his cock out, rubbing his quickly hardening length between his thighs. Dream caresses George's face gently as he feels slick start to pool on his lap. "You feel so good, I hope this is helping.."

George lets out a throaty purr and shifts himself so that he's straddling Dream once again. Dream at this point being at full mast grabs onto George's hips and guides him so that his hole is right above his dick. Every shred of human instincts left inside of him begged him to lube himself up but George knew his slick would take him far enough.

With one fowl swoop George easily takes the whole thing in one thrust. Dream lets out a moan, burying his head in George's neck and nuzzles into the catboy's warmth, moaning out as he starts at

a steady pace. George has never done anything like this but he's suddenly an expert. Something telling him how to rock his hips and make Dream feel good.

Dream kisses up George's neck as George sinks up and down, singing his praises. George kneads his hands into Dream's chest a sudden pleasure filling him as he hits his prostate. All his sense lights up like a Christmas tree and his sense yells at him to go faster and faster and hit that spot at all costs.

"Please, Kitty, god you're so good.." Dream lets out a guttural moan as his hips buck slightly. "I'm gonna cum- AHh- Fuck. Gonna cum all in you and fill you up.." George let out small chattering meows in between moans, hips shaking as his thrusts down on Dream get sloppier and sloppier until George thrusts down all the way to the hilt and they cum simultaneously.

Dream buries his head further into the crook of George's neck, whole body heating up steadily as he pumps his seed into George, easily distending George's stomach. George purred out happily feeling his stomach become heavy. He pushed Dream back onto the bed not even bothering to have Dream pull out. Dream wanted to clean the cum off of him but he quickly became too tired and the two of them dozed off.

---

The next day George raked his hands through Dream's sandy colored hair, admiring the new ears atop his first victim's head. This was just the first of many and George finally realized his real purpose. To spread this type of joy to as many people as possible. The two had a long journey ahead of them but for now George would spend his time admiring Dream as he purred softly in his sleep.

# Sapnap

## Chapter Summary

Dream and George sets off on their mission and ruin Sapnap in the process.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George followed through with his plan to spread this type of pleasure. It was simple and affective, solicit sex workers and spread the curse to them. The brothels were really one of the main draws to some cities, weary merchants didn't care that the sex workers had cute cat ears now and by the time they were transformed too they were slutty, air-headed, cat people who didn't care either. Dream and George didn't have to do too much leg work, they traveled to a few cities but soon enough populations started to transform around them.

Cities became filled with cat people and the still human residents only started to worry once it was too late. Public sex became more common too, horny cat people getting off however and whenever they need be. Humans would look on in disgust and retreat further into their own inner circles of humans. Cat people were mainly a problem in big cities, where their populations grew to dwarf humans. Parties became a popular method of transforming humans, cat people gathering and transforming humans together.

One night, the two overlooked the city on the balcony of the inn they were staying at. They caught a small group of cat people pumping load after load into a human, lanky with brown curly hair. He let out the sweetest most broken moans, they tapered off in such a way that it almost sounded like he was already purring. George ended up fucking Dream's brains out that night over the balcony railing as they watched.

They couldn't stay in the city forever though a lot of the cities had started to catch on and stopped allowing cat people in. Dream and George planned on sneaking into some of those cities to start the spread. They start to head up north to a small town called L'manburg, knowing they could be snuck in by a friend.

"You two are lucky that you weren't turned." Sapnap mutters. It's late one night on the outskirts of L'manburg. Dream and George have helmets on to conceal their ears and have their tails tucked into their pants. Sapnap carefully lifts part of the chainlink fence and helps the two get into the town. "One of the dudes down the street, Wilbur, well he went out right before things kicked up and hasn't come back. His dad is worried sick." Sapnap mentions off handedly as the walk through the field behind Sapnap's house.

"Well I hope he's okay, things are thankfully not that bad." Dream lies through his teeth, knowing that this guy's son is probably taking dick as they speak. "Oh really? I saw on the news it was getting bad down in Pogtopia?" Sapnap pulls out his keys and starts to jiggle with the back door's lock. "Yeah, you know how the news blows things out of proportion for attention." George brushes off casually, Dream and George exchange a nod as Sapnap lets them in to the almost pitch black house. Suddenly Dream is grabbing Sapnap by the collar and pushing him against the wall and George is closing the door. Time almost moves in slow motion as the nights events flash before his eyes, as he feels the tangle of limbs and his back against the cold dry wall.

Sapnap can't even process what's going on by the time Dream's lips are on his. George is shuffling around and doing something in the background as Dream's hands roam over Sapnap's body. "All exits are secure. There's no way he can easily get out if he gets past us." George dusts off his hands. Dream's lips finally part and Sapnap lets out a sudden gasp for air. "Wh-What the fuck?" Sapnap looks up, seeing the two now with their helmets off.

"Thanks for letting us in, Sappy. You're going to help us a lot more actually." George grins a wide, scary, grin. "What do y-" Dream's lips connect with his again briefly before pulling away and starting to bite and kiss at his neck. "I'm going to let my kitten over here fuck you senseless all night and after you transform into a dumb little whore we'll teach you how to properly spread this fun to the rest of town." Sapnap's eyes go wide in surprise as he realizes his fate, realizes how he can't escape.

As he realizes that being turned into a cock hungry cat boy is actually turning him on.

He lets out a small moan as Dream nips on a particularly sensitive spot. He's ashamed that he's even turned on by this. "'Shouldn't have let you guys in. I knew better.'" Sapnap murmured, moving so Dream can get better access to his neck. "Really, Sappy? Was it the helmets that gave it away? Maybe you were hoping that this would happen, hm?" George had pulled up a chair just to watch the two. A deep purr erupts from George's throat as he starts to palm himself. "You've missed us. Were you worried we ran off and got infected without our best friend? That we'd let just any other feral bitch transform you?" George started jerking himself off as Dream brought a knee up to Sapnap's crotch.

"Mmnh- I'm just glad- ah fuck- I'm glad if it had to happen it was by you two.." Sapnap humped Dream's knee, searching for any friction as Dream continued foreplay. "So cute, so good. Not even fighting back." Dream purrs into his ear, gently biting the shell of it and causing Sapnap to shiver. "'Can't help it. 'So good.'" Having Dream pin him to the wall while George watched was beyond sexy.

"Gonna have you purring under me by the end of the night, kitten." Dream moves away his knee and starts to tug off Sapnap's sweat pants. Dream subconsciously licks his lips when he gets Sapnap's pants down, his nicely tanned, soft, thighs mixed with the fact Sapnap is absolutely packing is driving him crazy. "Maybe once you start producing slick Dreamie will let you sit on his face and he'll eat you out. Better yet maybe he'll suck you off and let you squish his face between those thighs of yours.." George mumbles, fantasizing on and on about him. Sapnap covered his face, cheeks burning with shame. "This is so wrong. I'm literally the downfall of L'manburg." Sapnap groaned, switching from very much into the to utterly mortified he let his dick think for himself. If he didn't have such a crush on the two this wouldn't have happened.

"Don't worry, baby. You'll enjoy every second that involves you tearing apart this town, trust me. George and I had so much fun spreading this joy." Dream slides down the waistband of Sapnap's underwear, almost getting smacked in the face by Sapnap's hard dick. George chuckled a little, stopping jerking off for one second before getting right back to business. "Move him to the couch, kitten." Dream doesn't even look back and he's already holding Sapnap around the wrists. "If you even think of trying to leave I'll make sure your tail hurts for days."

They move to a living room, Sapnap following eagerly, trying not to think too hard about how embarrassing it is to be fucked into submission by two cat boys. Sapnap is surprisingly not sat ass up on the couch. Dream yanks down his own pants in one foul swoop, revealing not only his tail but lack of underwear. Dream wastes no time and gets directly to business.

Dream presses him down onto the couch and mounts him, knees on either side of Sapnap and ass

hovering over his dick, his hips sway slightly along with his flicking tail behind him. Dream leans down and presses a quick kiss to his lips, warmth tingling his lips as Dream leans back up and gets himself into position. Dream carefully worked his way down Sapnap's length, despite producing ample amounts of slick it seemed like he was doing this to go easy on Sapnap. Sapnap audibly gasped when Dream started to go down. It wasn't like he'd never fucked someone, this was just different. It felt like girls he fucked before surprisingly except Dream was a lot more wet and tight. Sapnap's breath hitched when Dream engulfed his full dick, actually whimpering in shame. Nobody had ever reduced him to this before and Dream barely even started.

"God you're taking him so well, Dreamie." George praises. "He's trembling, George, haha.." Dream lifts his hips up, now well adjusted, and starts to ride him, maintaining eye contact with Sapnap. Sapnap moves to put his hands on Dream's hips but his hand is swatted away. "Uh, uh. You don't have say in this, baby." Dream chuckled, surprisingly intimidating as he continues to ride Sapnap. Dream was so tight that he was having trouble actually riding him, sweat beading down his body as his tongue hung from his open mouth. He let out mewls of pleasure, placing his hands on Sapnap's chest for better leverage as he road the human.

"Gonna look so pretty with ears.. I've been waiting to ruin you for so long. 'Train you to be a little cock slut.." Dream mumbled, purring at the thought of corrupting the human underneath him. "Gonna fuck you into the morning. Fill you with my seed after this.." Sapnap let out a slutty moan, imagining what it would feel like the take Dream. "You gonna be obedient and let Dream breed you, kitten?" George asked, hand speeding up in his pants, his movements starting to get erratic as he bites down on his lower lip.

The thought of Dream breeding him initially is a little gross, all that cum and the mess he'd have to clean up didn't seem too appealing. With every thrust Sapnap's mind deteriorates more and more. After he cums maybe Dream will pull off and start fucking him. Taking him over the couch, kitchen table, counter. One of them holding him down while the other holds him down and pumps orgasm after orgasm worth of cum into him. Breeding him and filling him with their kits seems too tempting now. His corrupt brain now hungry for their cum.

George spills into his pants muttering on and on about how well they'd fill up his virgin tail hole, how'd they ruin him. He let out a sweet little mewl, spilling ropes upon ropes of cum into his pants. They were absolutely unwearable, now saturated with cat boy cum. George didn't care however, caught up in the throws of orgasm. Dream seemed to notice Sapnap's attention turn from him to the most senior cat boy, he physically turned Sapnap's head towards him, slamming his hips down to display dominance. "Focus on destroying my good spot, kitten." Dream commanded, shifting his hips so that Sapnap was hitting his prostate head on.

Dream let out a pathetic mewl over the sudden stimulation. Repeatedly and rapidly he continues on, destroying his prostate on Sapnap's dick, wet slapping noise echoing across the house. "Dreamie I'm gonna cum.." Sapnap begged out for release. "F-fuck, when you orgasm th-thank your master.."

"Thank you, fuck- Thanks Master, thank you for transforming me! T-thank you for gracing my dick!" Sapnap mewled, the two orgasming at the exact same time. Dream's dick pumped an unholy amount of cum onto Sapnap, getting some on his face and even a little in his mouth. The rest of the night the two have no mercy on him. George quits just watching and has a good go at him. They fuck him on possibly every surface in the house, every possible way, in every position, or at least it feel like that. Sapnap is cumming dry by the end of it all, basically passed out in the arms of the two cat boys, covered in sweat and cum. They thoroughly filled his fantasy and they'd most certainly fulfill it further in the coming days.



---

Sapnap could hear fuzzy noises, soft humming almost, as he wakes up more he starts to feel new sensations, like someone touching something he didn't have the night before. Then his smell comes back, no longer the stench of sex but freshly cooked pancakes, body wash, and freshly cleaned laundry. He no longer tastes cum, just refreshing mint like someone brushed his teeth. Finally, bleary shapes come into focus, his bedroom, and Dream and George by his side. Dim Daylight shone into the room, illuminating and highlighting the cat boys perfectly.

The two hush as his long eyelashes flutter, turning their attention from their hushed conversation to the cat boy. Dream moves his hands away from Sapnap's new ears, acting like Sapnap wouldn't know he was playing with them. George shoots a glare over at Dream before cupping the face of the newly transformed cat boy. "Sorry we woke you up, I made pancakes." George grabbed a plate off the bedside table, the bites of pancake cut extra small and saturated with syrup. Before Sapnap could even think he had a bite of pancake in his mouth, his still sleepy mind on autopilot and opening his mouth when presented with anything.

"George chill, he just woke up. I thought we agreed today would be a rest day and that we can start tomorrow?" Dream scolds, watching from the corner of his eye as syrup starts to cover Sapnap's lips. "We are, he just needs to eat." George stuffs another piece into Sapnap's mouth. A purr starts to rumble from his throat, shaky and weak at first but as he focuses on the flavor he finds himself purring. Dream and George light up at that, petting him and calling him a good boy as he takes another bite.

"He can go back to sleep once we're done here, kitten." George says, eliciting an excited chitter from Dream at the nickname. "Alright, alright... Whatever you say." Sapnap eventually finishes up, letting out a tired groan as Dream dabs away any left over syrup on his face with a wet washcloth. Sapnap, although sore, manages to drift off once again. Once George and Dream are sure he's asleep they start back up their previous conversation.

"So how should we break him into his new job.?"

## Chapter End Notes

First upload of 2021! It's really nice to see that people are actually enjoying this stuff. I've wanted to add another chapter to this for a while I just wasn't sure how to go about it. If you ever see a work of mine you want continued suggestions would be great. :)

# Beginning of Sapnap's training

## Chapter Summary

Sapnap is broken.

## Chapter Notes

TW: minor cheating mentioned.

Thank you to the people who suggested stuff helped a lot with this chapter.

If you'd like to make a suggestion I'm open to them!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream and George let Sapnap rest for the majority of that day, switching off snuggling with him and making sure he was taken care of and doing things around the house. After the initial transformation it can be rough getting used to things. It can be overwhelming to some especially with the initial need to breed so they both made sure to keep an eye on him even when he was sleeping.

While one of them took care of Sapnap the other started to explore. Now in the daylight they could pick up on the subtleties and details of Sapnap's house. It had been a while since they visited L'manburg, and in about the year they were gone a lot had changed about the house. It was small things he had noticed, like new faces popping up in photos hung on the walls, some George had recognized, some he didn't. Then, when Dream had went to go get another blanket for Sapnap he had found clothes that were not Sapnap's size and style in his closet. George also found something when he was looking for the baking powder that morning to make pancakes he found an old cook book. George knew for a fact that Sapnap didn't cook, unless he made some revolutionary change in his life there had to be something up. The house just seemed more well kept, like Sapnap was trying to show off or something. There were no dirty dishes in the sink, no shoes and socks strewn everywhere, maybe there were a few new weird stains on the couches in the living room, but other than that it was well put together.

"The tag on this jacket is labeled 'A.Q.'" Dream held up the royal blue jacket. The two had left Sapnap to sleep for a moment while they discussed the weird happenings. They were sat on the two couches facing each other in the living room, a coffee table separating them. "Yeah, this cook book looks well loved, so it's obviously not Sapnap's." George chuckled, turning over the front cover. "Says it belongs to the Jacobs' family.." Dream's eyes widen, his tail flicking back and forth a little while he contemplates the information. "Karl? Why'd he leave a cook book at Sapnap's house?" George shuts the cover, sliding it across the coffee table for Dream to read. "Maybe he actually wanted Sapnap not to eat garbage all the time?" Dream thumbs through the pages a little, looking over the old recipes and notes added, surprisingly careful with the old, yellowed, pages. He comes to a page bookmarked by a sticky note.

"It's a bunch of page numbers and they have Sapnap's and Quackity's names beside them.." Dream

read the note aloud, letting out a confused little "Mrow?" as he stared down out the page.

"Dream you understand what this all probably means, right?" George asked him cautiously, putting two and two together. "No what?" "Sapnap is fucking Karl and Quackity. Regularly." Dream scrunched up his eyebrows and set down the book. "Wait really?" "Yes, really, Karl is over often enough to leave something as precious as a family heirloom and have a sticky note dedicated to Sapnap's and Quackity's favorite recipes.." You could watch the cogs turning in Dream's head as he realized what was going on. "I mean.. That would explain the stain on the jacket, I thought it was toothpaste but on second thought.." Dream gave George a disgusted look. "Is that really what's grossing you out? I've cum on your clothes countless times?" George pinches the bridge of his nose, shaking his head at the younger.

"But master, that was different..."

"You're so cringe, Dream."

"Whatever.. I just- I didn't think while we were gone he was getting so much dick. Wouldn't he have told us?" Dream lingers on the words, almost like he felt betrayed. "Like maybe at least send us a postcard about it... He could've hooked us up with a few pictures, you know?" George scoffs, rolling his eyes at Dream. "You really only think with your dick, huh?" "Maybe.. but like you do realize what this means right? People will definitely raise alarm that he's been out of the public eye. We need to speed things up." George nods, rubbing his chin absently. "You definitely have a point. We can use Karl and Quackity to our advantage, though." Dream perks up, instantly catching on to what Dream is getting at.

"Can we corrupt them? I'd kill to see Sapnap fuck them silly. God, they'd be adorable as cats.." Dream fantasized aloud, hand sliding down his thigh, dangerously close to his dick. "Yeah, that's the plan. Lure them here with the temptation of hooking up with Sapnap and then we turn them." George says so nonchalantly, like they were discussing some sort of business deal. "We haven't participated in an orgy in a while, huh?" George mentions offhandedly. "Yeah, been a week or two, we did see a few orgies in the streets of the last town we were in.." Dream's mind wanders back to the human they saw in the street getting fucked, how his face seemed oddly familiar.

"Well, I know we said we'd give Sapnap a break, but can we please break him in today? I want to get to corrupting the others.." Dream asks, almost pleads with George. "Dream, we can't just break him in and lure those others here. We need to train him, if we want things to get moving here we need to ease into it." George explains. "We can't blow our cover too early." Dream sighs, disappointment plastered onto his face as he simply nods his head. "Yeah, you're right. How do we train him though?"

A smile forms on George's face, a smile Dream has seen time and time again when he's got some sort of scheme or trick to pull off. George gets up and heads to Sapnap's bedroom, bringing back out with him a decently sized box, filled to the brim with all sorts of different shapes and sizes of sex toys. He sets the box down on the coffee table in front of Dream for him to gape at. "Where the hell did you find these?" Dream stared at the box incredulously, he took the box in his lap and started to shuffle through all the different toys. "Accidentally dropped my goggles this morning and this was just sitting there under the bed. I was just saving the surprise." George chuckled at the younger's enthusiasm, feeling a little flustered for once to be on the receiving end of the approval. "We're about to have so much fun.." Dream pulled out a metal plug, sitting heavy and cold in his hand, he smiled deviously at George.

---

"Rock, paper, scissors?"

"No, that's stupid, Dream. You can just go first."

"You're no fun anymore.."

Sapnap eyes flutter open one eye at a time, he groans, disturbed by the small amount of bickering. George and Dream were sat at the edge of his bed, back turned to him, naked already with a box he recognized all too well next to them. Sapnap couldn't even feel embarrassed in that moment however, the overwhelming need of something to be inside him was bad enough, he didn't care what they did with that box. He couldn't even feel guilty for technically cheating on the guys he had a thing with who gave him said toys. His brain was now well rested and all his body could think about is being fucked.

"Mnm~ Masters?" Dream and George instantly spun around to see Sapnap awake and ready to be broken in. "What's goin' on..? I want it so bad.." Sapnap shifted his hips, squeezing shut his eyes. He lets out a soft groan, new ears twitching atop his head. Dream moves towards Sapnap, an anal plug in hand, he presents the object to Sapnap. "We found your toys." Dream grins, like he had something to hold over Sapnap's head. "Yeah? Put it in.." Sapnap's tail flicks back in forth as he eyes the plug, he can feel the new sensation of slick starting to accumulate at his entrance. "Uh, uh. First I'm gonna fuck you and fill you full, breed you up real nice. Georgie and I will take turns going back and forth.." Sapnap purrs at the idea and gets a little startled at the new ability, even though that morning when he was out of it and being hand fed he was purring up a storm. Sapnap shakes the surprise off and gets onto his hands and knees, presenting himself to Dream and rubbing his face against one of the pillows.

"So good Sapnap, doing good." George laid beside Sapnap and started to scratch at Sapnap's ears in a comforting manner. "The first time can be overwhelming let Dream take control." Sapnap nodded, burying his face in the pillow and inhaling George's scent. Dream sets the plug on the bed next to Sapnap and his hands wrap around Sapnap's hips, rubbing small circles into them. "P-please just put it innn..." Sapnap groaned, bucking his hips gently back towards Dream. Dream hums and positions himself at his entrance.

Sapnap sighs in relief as Dream finally pushes in, filling him up and satiating a deep craving inside of him. He leans into George's touch, letting out deep content purrs as George scratches his ears. Dream pushes into him the full way, more spurred on by Sapnap pushing back onto his cock. "Shh, chill out, Sapnap. You're such a needy slut, damn.." Dream snaps his hips back, starting to slowly gyrate his hips and thrust into Sapnap. Dream slowly speeds up, Sapnap thoroughly loose and slicked up, ever thrust no matter how slow or hard results in a wet squelching noise as slick coats Dream's cock. "So good, you deserve this so much for what you did for us last night." George scratches a particularly bothersome itch, causing Sapnap to moan out his gratitude.

Dream does him sweet and slow, making sure that Sapnap doesn't exhaust himself from just the first round. "Such a whore, can't function unless someone fucks your brains out hm? Couldn't be satisfied with the two fuck buddies you already have?" Sapnap barely registers the comment Dream makes, he's so caught in the moment he just nods his head. "H-had a crush on y-you two.. Before you left.." The youngest barely spits out between moans. Dream lets out a small cooing noise, rubbing Sapnap's hip in a soothing motion. "Sappy, you poor little whore. Needed someone to fill you, hm?" George almost taunts, twirling a strand of Sapnap's hair through his fingers. Sapnap can feel George's semi-hard dick pressed up against his side, burning warm against his skin.

Dream sighs a deep, breathless, sigh as he digs his finger into the soft padding of extra fat around Sapnap's hips. "So pretty, gonna train you up all good. Then you can have at your little play mates." Dream's voice was low and smooth, he had a confident aura to him that made Sapnap want

to blindly listen. “Please, need you..” Sapnap musters out. “Master, please..”

Dream almost loses it there, snapping his hips back sharply and starting to suddenly fuck him hard and deep. Sapnap’s eyes fly open and his mouth forms an o shape as a strangled purr escapes his throat. Dream wraps his hand around Sapnap’s tail and starts to thrust wildly, yanking and scratching the tail with each thrust. Sapnap cums hard, letting rope after thick rope of cum spray over the sheets as he swears out for Dream to fill him up. It only takes a few more thrusts and Sapnap clenching down hard on his dick. Pump after pump he starts to fill Sapnap full of his cum, making sure to nestle himself deep inside so none of it leaks out.

“Cat people cum a lot, you know. That’s why Dream’s balls are so big.. Got to make lots of cum to properly corrupt people.” George comments, licking his lips after the remark. “Does Quackity and Karl ever fill you like that?” Dream asked, already knowing the answer. “No, master.” “Well they will soon.” A shudder wracks Sapnap’s body.

“George, do you want to go next or should we plug him up?”

“Plug him. Training needs to begin.”

## Chapter End Notes

Originally was going to have the training chapter be a part of this but it’s too long for this chapter and I wanted to get it out this weekend. I’ll just lump it in with the next Karl/ Quackity corruption chapter.

As for my other works, expect either a random oneshot next or me rewriting/ expanding “fatass”

# Sapnap's training + Quackity + Karl

## Chapter Summary

Sapnap undergoes training. Karl and Quackity get dick.

## Chapter Notes

Please mind the warnings! I updated them each chapter and this has heavy noncon!!

Also this is almost 4,000 words of straight porn.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Training will come in four stages."

Sapnap sat naked on their bed, much as he's grown accustomed to, and listened patiently to whatever George had to say. Dream stood by his side, antsy and ready to jump on Sapnap but too loyal to George's commands so he stood behind him and basically fucked Sapnap with his eyes.

The first stage was "conditioning" as George had put it. Sapnap would look back and call it torture however as it was just hours of edging upon edging. Sapnap had to get used to taking dick so he walked around the house a lot with a plug inside of him, the plug getting bigger and pushing him further each day. His only reprieve from the stretching was when George would stick a vibrator inside of him and edge him, turning it up incrementally and watching as Sapnap squirmed in his seat. If Dream behaved and Sapnap was lucky George might even hand over the remote to Dream and he'd crank the remote all the way up and make him cum for hours upon hours. He'd cuddle up to Sapnap on the couch and kiss him silly while pushing Sapnap to his limit, until he was cumming dry.

The second stage built off the first one, Sapnap got used to Dream and George regularly fucking him whenever and wherever they wanted. Sapnap never opposed the actions, he was very comfortable with the arrangement in all actuality, especially after an eternity of edging and overstimulation. Except he was always caught off guard by this stage, one minute they'd be eating breakfast together and the next Dream would be under the table sucking the soul out of his body. He had woken up a few times to George pushing into him or he'd be on the couch watching TV and next thing he knew Dream would just sit his pretty ass down and start humping him. It was sporadic and sometimes Sapnap could go almost a full day without getting anything out of his masters only to be bombarded by the two. It was exhausting and that's why his masters did it. He was always so pliant and soft, Sapnap spent most of his time cuddled up to either of the two, fucked out and sleepily purring. It wouldn't be uncommon to find Sapnap wrapped up in either of his masters clothes gently kneading his hands into the warm comfort of a blanket.

Stage three was a reward for Sapnap's obedience thus far. George had brought a bag over to Sapnap and carefully unveiled an ornate trinket, a human sized, golden, cat collar. It was the root of this whole mess and as George had carefully clasped it onto Sapnap he finally felt whole. He had been missing something and that evidently was the way this collar made him feel. The collar

couldn't transform him twice obviously but it did put him into a state similar to the one George underwent when he first turned. A state of constant need, Sapnap's head was fuzzy and all he knew was that he had to get off. This stage was by far the shortest because after a few rounds Dream and George couldn't handle it anymore. It was definitely the most fulfilling for Sapnap. He laid fucked out on their bed for days, being pampered by his masters as he came down from those short hours of having the collar on.

Once Sapnap was coherent again the final stage was set into motion. Recognition of the task at hand and how much it pleased his masters. They laid out the plan ahead of them and how'd they wanted to infiltrate and corrupt the rest of L'manburg and praise Sapnap for the littlest things. It was a nice rest to finish things off by rewarding Sapnap a little bit.

The three of them were on one of the couches as the day wound down. The setting sun filtered through the half closed blinds, casting strips of light onto the three naked bodies on the couch. George sat behind Sapnap, gently scratching at the purring cat boy's ears with one hand and holding a phone with the other. Dream laid on his belly, legs splayed out across the couch, head gently resting on belly. It was blissful, the three of them in a content state all purring softly. "Mm? Whatcha lookin' at?" Sapnap tried to peek a look at the phone George had in his off hand. He immediately got playfully swatted back into place. "Mind your own business, kitty." George kisses Sapnap on the head and places the phone down on the coffee table. "Oh come onnm... Who we're you texting?" Sapnap begs for an answer. "You know I really want to fuck the words out of you right now." Dream had a nervous edge to his voice. He wasn't upset but rather it seemed like he just wanted to quickly change the subject and what better than to fuck him.

Sapnap perked up at the remark, sitting up slightly as his body already started to react at the mere mention of sex. "Please?" Dream shifts and gives Sapnap a little nod "C'mon, I'll get George on board too." George sits up as well, stretching slightly. "Don't have to ask me. Come on, Sappy, sit on my dick." George mutters, cool and casual as ever. Like he was asking Sapnap to do a favor for him rather than sit on his dick. "Think he can handle us both? 'M not feeling oral today." Dream asked as Sapnap start to position himself in George's lap. "Of course. One would probably not be enough, right kitty?" Sapnap nods letting out a little whine as he carefully lowers himself onto George's cock. "Fuckk.. Oh my god.." Sapnap manages to gasp out. "Shitt.. Thank you, master.." George holds Sapnap flush to his chest, letting the younger adjust and calm down a little while Dream gets ready to slide in.

Dream pulls a bottle of lube from under the couch, one of the many handy hiding spots they have lube in, and starts to slather himself up. They don't usually use lube because slick is pretty affective, especially with how wet Sapnap is all the time, but George and Dream both inside of him might lead to chafing. "Master? Please put it in.." Dream chuckles a little and tosses the bottle of lube aside now that he lubed himself up. "Such a slut, huh? We've fucked your brain real good.." Dream pushed in suddenly, burying himself as deep as possible. Sapnap bit down on his lip hard, eyes rolling back into his skull from the stimulation. He lets out a breathy moan and lays his head down on George shoulder in such a way that George could feel every hitch in his breath.

He could feel Dream's hands rub circles into his back as he adjusted to the both of them being inside of him. Sapnap had taken worse before it just felt different to have it be them both inside of him. It was definitely more of a turn on as their hands grabbed onto his body, as the prepared to start thrusting into him. To have a connection with what's fucking you rather than it be a large toy. Sapnap's body arched, trying to get them to thrust in deeper after the first thrust. Sapnap tries to take control and ride their dicks himself but he's grabbed by the hips and forced down on them, causing him to yelp in surprise. "Please..." Dream's hands dig into his hips slightly. "What a pathetic little slut? You like clenching around out dicks so much yet you still can't let us take control. After all this training you still won't obey?" Sapnap's eyes instantly widened and he shook

his head. “Wait no! No- I- I’m sorry, master. I’m sorry sir, I didn’t know that was an order, I-“ “Slow down, Sapy.. You should’ve assumed.” George is more calm than Dream, his tone level as he wipes away the tears Sapnap didn’t even realize he had rolling down his cheeks.

“Do we need to take a break? Sap? Are you okay?” Dream seems genuinely concerned, surprisingly showing some shred of humanity now of all times. “‘M sorry.. Don’t want to disappoint..” Sapnap sniffled, gently leaning into George’s hand as he cups the younger’s cheek. “Calm down, kitten. We got you..” George tilts his chin up slightly and kisses him slow and sensually. Feeling a little left out Dream leans forward and hugs Sapnap’s midsection, layering his shoulder and neck with tiny butterfly kisses causing Sapnap to laugh a little through his kiss with George. “Can you not last a minute without attention?” George teased Dream, who just gave him a timid little look. “I just want to get off.” He stated matter-of-factly.

The three shared a laugh at their shared horniness and calmed down a little, sharing a comfortable silence before Sapnap prodded them again. “Just let us take control, uh huh?” “Yes, Dreamie.” George and Dream get hold of his hips once again, lifting him up on their cocks and easily dropping him down. George and Dream work in tandem, thrusting their cocks side by side, just out of sync. It was almost like a competition of who could get deeper. Dream’s thrusts were shallow but fast while George’s were deeper and slower, they complimented each other nicely. All Sapnap cared about however was getting that stimulation. “So good, let us hear you moan, kitten.” George told Sapnap, scratching Sapnap’s neck slightly. “Goddhhh- Mmh- So good! Too good! ah..” Sapnap moans out, savoring the feeling of Dream digging his hands into his sides. Dream was rougher, more passionate, as he came he buried himself deep inside Sapnap and filled him with pump after pump of his seed.

Sapnap’s masters didn’t seem to care about getting cum everywhere as George continued thrusting, allowing cum to spread onto his dick and Sapnap’s thighs. “Geo- George? You’re get-Fuck!” George rams his dick inside Sapnap hard as slick and cum runs down the three of them. Sapnap can’t help but cum all over George’s chest, strings of thick cat boy cum covering him. It doesn’t deter George much as he continues thrusting, overstimulating both Dream and Sapnap as the two laid, still connected, in a pile. George finally thrusts in, muttering sweet praises for his two kittens and slumping over onto Sapnap as he spills his seed deep inside him. The three were exhausted as they lay there, sweaty and covered in a thick layer of quickly drying cum.

George and Dream pull out, steadily getting up from the couch to clean up. Sapnap stays there like he’s accustomed to, hugging a throw pillow Dream threw at him. Dream comes back already cleaned off with a plug in hand. He carefully lifts the loudly purring cat boy’s legs and inserts the plug before more cum can get onto the couch. He doesn’t even bother cleaning up the couch, thinking a few more cum stains wouldn’t hurt it, and inserted himself behind Sapnap this time to cradle the younger as he drifts off to sleep.

George shows up after a minute with a blanket for the three and easily finds his place in the pile. He slips on in and situates himself. “He’s precious, isn’t he?” Dream has genuine adoration in his voice as he watches Sapnap sleep in his arms. The two of them had gotten really attached to the younger. It had been something they both tried to deny to themselves for a while. They really should’ve clues in on it on the first night. Things had changed a lot since they were human and they didn’t think getting so attached to someone they wanted to breed would be so irresistible. “Of cour-“ A loud buzz cuts George off, directing both of their attention to the phone on the nearby coffee table. “Is it good?” George unlocks the phone and quickly reads over the text on Sapnap’s phone. “Great. Let’s get some sleep, kitten. Tomorrow is a big day.”

---



From what he could see outside it seemed like the house was pitch black. "It's been a while." Quackity chuckles as Karl fumbles with his spare key. "Sure has." Karl leans over and pecks the shorter on the cheek. "That's Sapnap for you, horrible time management skills, even when he wants to get his dick wet." The two shared a laugh and Karl finally managed to get the door open. "Think he already went to bed, dude?" Karl slips off his shoes alongside Quackity. The two peered in at the rest of the house, almost pitch black if it wasn't for the dim light filtering in from the living room. "I dunno.." Karl unlocked his phone and scrolled through his messages just to double check. "He said there was a 'surprise' in the living room." Quackity made a little "ooo" noise and pushed past Karl and deeper into the house.

"Sapna- Holy shit-" Quackity jumps back as he lays his eyes on the surprise tied up on one of the couches, bumping into Karl who was as equally surprised. Sapnap laid out, body outlined by only the light of a nearby lamp, tied up, gagged, only in a pair of loose shorts and one of Quackity's beanies. There was a low buzzing noise emitting from Sapnap as well. This was a definite treat, especially since Sapnap topped most of the time, it was always a treat when he looked this vulnerable. Quackity moved forward slightly, letting Karl loom over his shoulder and look at what he was getting at. It was a note tucked into the waist band of Sapnap's shorts along with the remote for the vibrator. "Have at me, with a winky face." Quackity chuckles, staring Sapnap over and drinking him in. Karl wasn't nearly as eager however. His eyes lingered over the dark corners of the house, standing a distance away from his boyfriends.

"Mind if I take off the gag?" Sapnap nods frantically and Quackity unbuckles the ball gag. As it pulls away strings of spit break away from it and Sapnap lets his tongue stick out, acting like a dog panting. "F-fuck! T-took you guys long enough.." Sapnap lets out a few breathy moans and he sporadically thrusts his hips into nothing. "Hah.. Love you too, man. So, what's the special occasion?" Sapnap laughs, nonchalant as ever despite his position. "Fucking- Fuck- tired of being blue balled. Tha~ That's what.." Sapnap's voice had a whimper to it, who knows how long he had been there like that. "Mhm, well lets get to it then.." Quackity inched down his shorts, helping Sapnap get out of them.

"Woah what the.." Quackity stares down blankly at the new tail Sapnap had attached to him, as he sat crotched down, entirely on dick level with Sapnap. As Sapnap broke through the phony restraints with ease and sat up to completely tower over him. As Quackity realizes that Karl is no longer behind him. As Sapnap easily plucked the remote of his hand and turned off the vibrator. "Hey man.. Haha- We- w- Mphf-!" Quackity lets out a surprised yelp as Sapnap yanks off his beanie and grabs his hair, forcing Quackity's mouth down on his cock. "I've missed you a lot, dude." Sapnap was surprisingly sweet, cradling Quackity's face in his hands. Quackity sputtered, trying to regulate his breathing and take the cock down his throat. He had heard of this already, what had been happening in some of the bigger cities had finally spread.

"Like the taste of my cum, bitch? A dose of my cum and you'll be done for." Quackity's eyes widened and he tried to back up off his dick, only to be forced down further onto his cock and farther down the smaller's throat. "Can you already taste my precum? Damn, Quack, if you keep looking at me like that dude I'm going to spill already.." Quackity quickly averted his gaze but that doesn't stop Sapnap. He holds onto Quackity's head and starts to basically face fuck him. Quackity sputtered around the dick in his mouth as Sapnap fucked into him. Maybe it was because he was a slightly touched starved, maybe it was a little bit of an oral fixation, but he had started to melt into the sensation of Sapnap throat fucking him. He always had liked the pain of it, when Sapnap or Karl would grab hold of him and choke him. It felt wrong to like it as Sapnap fucked his mouth. He knew it was wrong to want to give in but his thoughts had muddled and a dull pain throbbed in his head, it was just easier to moan and focus in on Sapnap fucking him.

"Good job.. Gonna love it when you transform, you'll feel so good. Just except it." Quackity's

body felt loose, his throat pliant and willing to take Sapnap's cock down it. His mind raced, he asked himself how he let this happen, where Kalr was, but all he could focus in on was the cock fucking his throat. He only cared about how it felt to take Sapnap all the way down. Quackity definitely wasn't the only one getting something out of this, Sapnap's thrusts were sporadic. He barely got to top since he had been transformed and he missed the way it felt. Quackity looked so pretty staring up at him drooling around his cock. "Gunna cum- Fuck- Quackity!" Sapnap snapped his hips forward, spilling his load down his throat. The shorter's eyes rolled back and he choked slightly but had to ultimately swallow it. Quackity coughs a little as Sapnap pulls out, he can still taste the cum on his tongue. "You're gonna get a little drowsy, dude. I got you, I'll take you to our masters.." He didn't even have the energy to fight back or protest. A dull pain sprouted up in his head along with his lower back. All he wanted to do is climb up into his arms and snuggle up to Sapnap. Quackity let out a small whine as he was picked up and carried off.

---

Karl sat in the darkness of the kitchen, clothes torn off of him, zip tied to a chair, and gagged. Dream sat in his lap, tail swinging back and forth lazily as he idly played with Karl's hair. George was just out of view on the other side of the room, which he could tell by the soft occasional shuffling. The two of them were waiting, at first he wasn't sure what, but as he started to hear Sapnap's voice and struggled moans he knew exactly what was happening. He was admittedly scared, he was flinched a little every time Dream flicked a lock of his hair through his fingers. "Hear that? You're next, kitten." Dream cooed, relishing in the way Karl shuddered in his hold. "Sapnap is just going to transform him, he's not doing too much. You won't have to wait long. We wanted to make your transformation the best." Dream smiled, he acted like he was doing them both a favor. From what Karl heard this wasn't anything to mess around with, he mentally slapped himself for getting into this situation in the first place. "Trust me you'll feel so much better." George's voice was closer now and Karl felt a hand on his shoulder, something metal was in George's hands. "We're going to have fun with you."

Sapnap comes padding into the kitchen, flicking on the lights. He was no longer tied up and had pulled on one of the Karl's old sweaters along with the basketball shorts he had on, in stark contrast to the George and Dream who were naked. He had Quackity slung over his shoulder, only in one of Sapnap's hoodies and fast asleep. "Ready?" "Easy, at least let me pull up a chair." Sapnap chuckled and got him and his sleeping boyfriend situated in his lap. Quackity was snoring softly, he looked so peaceful and Karl would've been happy to see him safe if it weren't for the fact his snores sounded almost like purrs. He knew deep down it was already too late for Quackity but he couldn't help but hold onto hope. Karl felt uneasy, he tried once again to struggle against his restraints, he didn't like how everyone was looking at him, their eyes dug holes into him.

The room was silent apart from Karl's muffled pleas and the unclasping of the collar. Before he knew it he felt the cold metal of the collar on his collarbone. It was surprisingly soothing, was this all they were doing? There had to surely be a catch? He felt fulfilled, like he belonged there. He was meant to be sat there with the collar using him to corrupt his mind. Karl cried out through the gag, as a throbbing pain spread through his body but it was quickly cancelled out by the pleasure. It was overwhelming for him, it filled all his senses. He couldn't focus in on his surroundings, couldn't pick up on the fact that the three cat boys seemed to be getting off on this. All he could focus on was the transformation.

He was hard as hell, he was painfully hard in fact, he couldn't get off seeing that he was tied up. It made him almost want to cry, the stimulation was overwhelming and his cock was throbbing. The transformation was hitting him all at once and he couldn't handle it. Through the haze surrounding

him a pair of hands reach down and he couldn't be more grateful as they started to rub down his shaft. He felt so pathetic but he couldn't help this feeling, it was too good. He felt helpless, he couldn't even jerk himself off. Karl so easily and readily surrendered to the hands. They ran so nicely down his cock, having ample experience with this sort of thing. Smoothly ran over his head, swiping off a bead of precum to presumably taste for themselves. The hands cupped themselves around Karl's dick and he knew exactly what to do. His thrusts were fast and sloppy, not to waste a second of his time. All he need was to cum and to cum quick and that's what he did, spraying an impossible amount of thick cum all over himself and the hands, finally slumping over and blacking out.

"Well that was embarrassingly quick." George chuckled, watching from over himself shoulder as Dream licked the cum off his hand. "Mhm. You're one to talk.." Sapnap sat up, palming at his hard on still. "Oh yeah, I can talk less if you'd like? Just let me put Quackity to bed." Sapnap chuckled, hoisting the drowsy man over his shoulders once again and heading back to the bedroom. "You guys have fun, I'll be sleeping with them." Dream commented, getting a pair of scissors off the table and clipping Karl free and carrying him away himself.

George was proud of his kittens.

## Chapter End Notes

What I'm working on next? Sleep.

In all seriousness though if I were to make a DNF bimbofication oneshot who you want to be the bimbo? I have a lot of new stuff and old stuff in the works and that's going to be one of them I'm just a little stumped.

# Wilbur bonus chapter

## Chapter Summary

Why is Wilbur tagged again?

## Chapter Notes

TW: Heavy Noncon, mindbreak. It's in the tags already just wanted to emphasize that.

Made an actual account! It's the co-creator on this book if you want to check it out.

Update: I'm @Anonymous\_number\_8 sorry co-creators don't show up.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur had left the safety of L'manburg a few months ago. Much like many his age, he had been itching to get up and get out forever, he wanted to be a world class adventurer just like his father had been. Phil was a little hesitant however.

Wilbur had been looking for his dad late one evening when his attention was directed towards the porch, finding Phil sat there staring out into the night. He was leaned over the railing, a mug of something warm cradled in his hands. Wilbur slid open the glass door and joined his father wordlessly. The porch provided a great view over the walls surrounding L'manburg, looking out over the mob riddled fields outside of the safety on L'manburg. "Wilbur why are you up so late?" Phil doesn't even bother turning towards his son, knowing who it was based solely off the sound of his footsteps. "I've come to talk to you, actually.." Wilbur fumbles with his words, staring down at his shoes. "I want to move outside of L'manburg."

Phil surprisingly doesn't choke on his drink, he falters drinking it for a moment but he doesn't spit it all over his bathrobe thankfully. "I- uhm- I suppose this conversation had to come one day..." Phil turns to face his son. "Listen, mate, I'll always love and support you. As long as you don't commit mass genocide or something.. I just- I want to emphasize to you the outside world is scary." Wilbur nodded, eyes trained on Phil and fiddling with the sleeves of his shirt slightly. "That's why we came to L'manburg. The walls keep you guys safe." "I get that, you've kept me safe and I appreciate that. I think it's about time I can handle myself." Phil stepped forward and wrapped his son up in his arms, like if he let him go Wilbur would disappear. "I support you in everything you do. Just please, stay safe. I can help you pack for the road and everything."

Within a week Wilbur was ready to hit the road, only a set of armor, tools, and a few emeralds to his name. It was scary at first, outside was so lively and unpredictable. He had never known darkness like this before, the streets of L'manburg constantly lit up, it was amazing. His first night on the road was one of his most memorable, crouched down behind a fallen tree when he spotted a zombie for the first time up close. He remembers his heart pounding in his chest as he recalled what Phil taught him, how he gripped his sword to the point of his knuckles turning white and how the zombie crumbled to pieces anticlimactically. He built the monsters up outside to be big and bad when in reality he was much stronger than them. He found that a lot of stuff just seemed scarier

than what they actually were. Taking out mobs was a minor nuisance at best. So when he got to El Rapids, one of the biggest cities on the map, he applied the same logic. He'd run around the streets, exploring every nook and cranny he found, it was liberating. He'd purposely try to visit shady places, see how far he could push his luck. He acted like he was invincible, or at least too quick thinking to be caught up in something bad. He was chasing a thrill after years of being locked away and thus far he hadn't been burnt.

That's what led him to the mess he had gotten into. When cat people started taking over the city Wilbur was one of the first people to find out about them. The affliction sprouted up in areas Wilbur frequented. He remembers playing his guitar on a street corner one day, quietly people watching. A woman walked out of the drug store across the street, clutching her purse close to her side. That's when he noticed the cat ears perched atop her head and tail swishing behind her. Wilbur, in his travels, had seen a lot of strange things but this was definitely new. He shook it off as a one time thing but he quickly saw this more and more often. Every time he'd pass a brothel he'd see someone with cat ears sitting outside smoking a cigarette, or trying to catcall him. As he'd travel through the shopping district one out of every three merchants would have them, those without the ears noticeably staying away from them.

It had been a month deep into the spread when the leaders of the city only started to care. When it afflicted the mayor, who was revealed to be cheating on his wife, the council started to care because the mayor could no longer hold his role as a sex-hungry cat person. It was a scandal, all over the papers about the mayor's deterioration. The media covered it extensively for weeks you couldn't turn a corner and not see anything about it. The council scrambled to help but the damage was already done, no human was safe. Wilbur stopped going out as much, especially at night. He didn't heed the warnings at first because he felt invincible. He walked amongst crowds of cat people observing them cautiously. Then there were reports of "transformation parties" and cat people eyeing him up a little too much on the streets for him to stay inside more often. As a last ditch-effort of trying to contain everything the mayor's council closed off the city to the outside world. That was the last declaration they made before they were presumably turned. No one could get in and out via any roads. The dwindling human population was forced to either wait it out or try to get out on foot. Wilbur had decided it wasn't worth it to wait it out, he wanted to see his dad again. So he had started to plan on leaving.

Then one night he was heading home after getting groceries, weaving through a crowd of people, hood up on his jacket. He looked around the crowds of people, now almost entirely cat people. There was one large gathering in particular in the middle of the road that made Wilbur's heart rate spike. Those yet to be transformed were warned about "parties" as they were called. Essentially cat people orgies, this one looking to be about almost twenty people big. Wilbur's eyes darted to either side of the street, spotting a small passage over to the left of the group, hopefully the crowd was thin enough for him to fit through. He slowly makes his way over, weaving through the people, practically holding his breath. He's hyperaware of every movement, every slight nudge and jerk they made, his hands clutching on tightly to his grocery bags. He can't help but stare at the lewd acts, how blatant and careless they all are.

He was too busy watching one of them jerk off that he didn't notice the cat person coming up. Wilbur felt a body crash into him, knocking him and his groceries to the ground in a sudden jolt. He scrambled to pick up all the items and throw them back into the, now torn, paper bag. He didn't realize that his hood was knocked off of him until it was too late and the crowd's attention had fallen on him. Wilbur yelped as a particularly strong cat person grabbed him by the loops of his jeans, hoisting the comparatively smaller human onto their hip. Murmurs and purrs of interest surrounded Wilbur, the cat person in front of him playing with his hair, searching extra hard for a pair of ears that weren't there. Wilbur tried not to make any sudden movements, as if they would snap out at him and attack him. "Shit-" Wilbur feels another curious cat walk up to him and press

against his backside, their cock out and covered in cum already. He swallows hard as suddenly the crowd takes this as a signal to come down on him and start to make a move, mostly cat people gathering around to rub one off at the sight of him. The two cat people that have him sandwiched between them start shimmying down his pants and Wilbur finally realizes he needs to fight like hell to get out of this one.

He starts to flail and kick but soon enough as pair of strong arms are wrapped around him and one of them is purring loudly and nuzzling him. This does nothing to calm him down but rather he freaks out more. He knew what they did to the uncorrupted, he saw it himself. He didn't want to become some human cum dump. He shook, eyes shooting open as one of them forces themselves into him, followed swiftly by another. Wilbur was painfully tight, it hurt like hell to have both cocks thrust into him so quick. On top of that he was a virgin, he was having his innocence pried away from him as the two filled him.

Wilbur winced slightly as he felt someone in the crowd spill all over his face, he was somewhat in the splash zone but all the other cum shots weren't nearly as bad. This one got into his mouth slightly, he found himself licking some of the cum off of his face curiously as the two cats inside of him waited for him to adjust. His ass felt like it was on fire, the stretch alone was painful not to mention them going in dry. They slowly started to fuck into him, if Wilbur had to guess his ass was bleeding somewhere. Wilbur tried not to focus on what was happening and instead drift off. He shook with each thrust and surprisingly quickly both of them came within seconds, filling Wilbur up with ample amounts of cum.

Wilbur felt dizzy, he could almost pass out right now, if another cock didn't immediately enter him and a dick moved in front of his mouth, swiftly he was shoved onto both. He started to feel drowsy and lightheaded, like he was losing some sense or something. Both cocks rammed into him, the cock in his mouth more unwanted than the one in his ass now that cum lubricated his hole. He knew this would be a long night. He knew this would be a long night. He'd go on to be passed around the crowd several times, all sorts of nasty, perverted, things done to him. He was eaten out, he ate people out, had his face sat on, had himself cock warmed, cock warmed someone, by the end of it he had ended up having three dick shoved up his ass. He finally broke when he realized his poor hole would probably be permanently stretched open. By the end of the night he was eating pussy like a pro and getting fucked down like it was nothing. He laid on the pavement, waiting for his next fuck, purring his first broken purrs.

By morning he had woken up, no clothes, ass dripping with slick, and covered in cum. He let out a little curious purr as he realized the crowd was gone and he was a little to focus on where he could get his next fuck. All he was now was a ditzy little cat boy. He quickly found himself approaching another cat person on the street, licking his lips unconsciously. Wilbur thought he had known freedom before but this was different. He finally knew how to sexually express himself and please people in the process. He'd go on to transform plenty of humans, help them feel true pleasure like that crowd on that faithful day did to him.

## Chapter End Notes

To Do:  
Femnoblade Update  
Battleskirt somno  
Dream/ Sam/ Techno hypno  
Space tentacles update



# Punz

## Chapter Summary

A mystery man joins the group

## Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the suggestions it all really means a lot to me! This book doesn't update often but that's because of chapters like these, hope you enjoy. ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Some time went on since Quackity and Karl met their downfall. The days started to get cooler and their focus quickly turned from infecting the town to building. It was strange, cats don't hibernate, but there was an itch inside of all of them. You could see it in the group, they were getting more fidgety. None of the bedding was ever right, they'd get up several times a night to mess with the covers. They all could barely fit on the bed so a few of them rotated out to sleep in the living room. That's where it started, pillows and blankets were laid out across the floor, windows obstructed by blankets to act as sort of blackout curtains. As soon as they had started to revamp the living room they all started sleeping in there. It was easier to get to whoever you wanted to cuddle with, it was warmer and more spacious. It was a win for all of them really. It was so comfortable they started to not want to leave the nest. Every cold morning they'd wake up, buried under various pillows and blankets, and just snuggle down deeper.

They thought it strange at first but they were far from an isolated incident. Less and less cat people all over the world roamed the streets of major cities. They sheltered for winter, breaking off into smaller groups and becoming more passive creatures. They lacked fur like normal cats and generally didn't like putting on clothes so it was a more logical move than anything. Local superstores were raided of their bedspreads and pillows, anything remotely soft was quickly snatched away. Their small little group would go on to huddle up at night, the flickering glow of the tv illuminating their nest. They'd watch human tv and laugh about how dumb it was. How humanity was seemingly so afraid of them and now that winter had rolled around they thought it was all coming to a close. Little did they know what the coming spring would hold.

As even colder nights rolled in, not only was the heat turned on but Sapnap had bought a few space heaters. Things seemed to slow down from there. They went out less and less, they slept even more than they did before, most of their time either spent eating or fucking. They all seemed to gravitate towards George as their leader at this point, he started this, he was the most responsible, he knew how to handle them. Naturally as they'd all huddle together on the coldest of nights George would be in the middle. You could find most of them kneading their hands into their plush bedding, purring constantly and rubbing up on each other. They all became more domestic, looking to George of all people for guidance, counting on him to make calls about food or who they should fuck. He was more than happy to take up this role, he liked taking care of them in a strange way. Human him would've been so weirded out by this, he was an adventurer, a fighter, not some softie.



Speaking of soft things, they had all noticed a gradual gain in weight. It's not like they were out fighting or building anymore so they didn't naturally burn off fat like they used to. That and the diet change, more filling foods that they could make in large amounts to portion out for about a week or so. All of them didn't mind the weight gain either, which their human selves would've thought absurd. For George it was nice to know his group was well fed, he wanted to take care of them and see that they were healthy. His attention right now wasn't expanding their group but nurturing it.

That's how it went for a while, about a month into winter in fact. Every little venture outside scared him a little, he'd make sure Quackity, Sapnap, and Karl bundled up before curling back up with Dream and sending them off. Dream would calm his nerves a little, maybe by sucking him off or warming up his cock until they get back. George would kiss him gently, whisper sweet nothings into his ear. It was domestic, it was blissful, but the calm wasn't forever. One day, just like the rest, Quackity had made a supply run on his own, just to pick up something they forgot. He had waved them goodbye, reassuring George for the tenth time that day that yes his ears and tail were covered up, and set out. The trip was pretty uneventful, he kept absently toying with the crumpled up list Karl wrote him. He scanned through the aisles, picking out Karl's favorite dressing (the bottle with the green label not the blue like he got last time) and headed towards the checkout.

Little did he know he was being followed, observed closely. They thought they had fooled the whole town but he was on their trail. He watched Quackity scan through a self checkout, he took up the checkout next to him, scanning the dressing he picked up and paid. He heard something, something so tiny you might've missed it if you weren't looking for it. A satisfied purr slipped from Quackity's lips, the cat boy seemed to catch his slip up and quickly looked around to see if the hooded man next to him caught on before quickly leaving. He finished scanning his groceries before throwing them into his inventory as well and tailing Quackity out of the store from a distance, stopping to look at a few items in the store before leaving to throw Quackity off.

You see the hooded man knew something was up for a while now. He worked as one of the guys that patrolled around the gates of L'manburg. He was hired to clear out creepers and spiders in the morning and he patrolled overnight too. When the outbreak first happened he had caught Sapnap sneaking George and Dream inside his house, Sapnap knew he was there in fact. He was paid off rather easily and Sapnap was living off of daddy's money so he was more than happy to pay up. When Sapnap hadn't been seen in town for a while he had gotten suspicious, then when he was getting on shift one night and he had seen Quackity and Karl heading that way just to be gone for about a month he had put the pieces together.

After some time of watching them, following them every time they went out in public, seeing their slips, hearing their conversations, he was left with two options. The first one was simple, get a bunch of his coworkers together and run them out. That would be simple enough since they could probably overpower the group and he'd look like a hero. The second option he had thought up was more, well, selfish. Ever since the outbreak happened he had delved down a rabbithole. He had seen cases in the inner cities, he watched pretty much every news segment on it, went online and did research into it. It was probably the most interesting thing he had heard of in a long time. He didn't know why but he soon found himself in the darker corners of the internet. Porn sites, mainly, filled with humans filming their fellow humans transforming or humans documenting their want to be converted. It had quickly become a weird fetish thing, porn parodies, blogs about how to go about it, articles trying to dissect the phenomena. It disgusted him at first, it was strange, even sick, but as he researched it further he found himself sharing the sentiments. A deep twisted side that wanted to be overwhelmed, stripped of his humanity. It seemed so wonderful, not having to worry about anything but getting fucked. That was the second option, ask, if not beg, for them to corrupt him.

Quackity was none the wiser to the moral dilemma of the man behind him, just walking with his hands in his pockets, quickly approaching an alleyway. He didn't know that the hooded man behind him was speeding up, didn't know his intentions, He was almost halfway down the alley as he was grabbed onto, pushed up against the brick building with such force that the man's hood fell and revealed himself. "Punz?! Wh-What do-" "I know your secret." The two are silent for a moment as it sinks in. "Th-That I shoplifted? A hah- pack of gum?" Quackity laughs pathetically, a dumb joke he came up with on the spot to weasel his way out of this. "I heard you purr in the store." Quackity's eyes go wide and he starts to kick and flail. "Help! Help- Fuckin- Fire! Fi-" A hand clamps over his mouth, a gloved hand he couldn't properly bite down onto. "Please, you'll give us up." Punz's expression goes from threatening to more calm quickly, if not scared. "I- I'm not trying to stop you, I- The exact opposite, really. I want you to take me, you guys.." Punz's soft blue eyes are not so much chilling as they are hazy, submissive. "I want you to make me whole, fill me. I-I want it so bad.." His voice quickly turns needy, a rare look at such a stoic man. Quackity's eyes are as wide as saucers, he had never seen someone act like this. He hadn't had the chance to convert anyone yet but he didn't think humans would act like this, hell, he didn't act like this when he was converted.

Punz let go of Quackity, took his gloved hand away from his mouth and let him down. "I haahf-" Quackity wheezed slightly as he gathered himself once more. "You- Where- Why?" Punz looked down to the ground shamefully. "I- This is weird, I know. Ever since the outbreak, the inner cities, it just. I want to let go.." Quackity looked at him skeptically. "Hah- Oh my god." Quackity chuckles. "You fucking pervert, oh my god. You have a thing for this? Never thought you'd be into cat boys." Punz's face goes red hot, all his blood seemingly rushing to either his face or his dick. He had a little bit of a thing for degradation, more than he was willing to admit. "Yeah, I think I can do that for you.. heh.. You'll fit right in."

---

When they heard the knock Karl didn't even bother getting dressed, he already knew who was at the door so he had slipped away from the warm safety of their pile and opened up the door. A blast of cool air hit him and he immediately gasped when he saw the man towering behind Quackity. Punz wasn't the most inviting person, he had a bit of a natural scowl. That combined with his strength and being slightly taller than Karl had caught him off guard, or maybe the fact he was still human. George had gotten up from the nest the moment he heard Karl's gasp, thinking he was in danger when in all actuality he ended up being just as confused as Karl. "Look I'll explain, just close the door." Karl looked to George and he curtly nodded.

"He wanted to convert."

Punz is standing around the corner, Karl watching him closely while George and Quackity discuss Punz. Karl stood, fully naked in front of him, not even caring. It makes his cheeks go pink, he had read up about how cat people don't hold themselves to the same standards as humans, it was a little hot. Especially when he can hear right around the corner George calling him a little slut under his breath. Another man comes sauntering down the hall, he's naked too, he stretches slightly, yawning as he lays his head onto Karl's shoulder. "Hey handsome.." Karl swats at him. "Dream, you can't make a move on the human. You can't call dibs." Dream pouts and lifts his head up, calling down the hall to Sapnap about how unfair this is. Karl chuckles lightly. "They aren't going to go easy on you. It's winter and a lot of us are going to be tired but get ready for five people." Punz almost audibly groaned just thinking about it, he was painfully hard already just checking Karl out.

George and Quackity finally hushed, rounding the corner to see the two. Quackity is undressed now just like the rest of the group. George took him by the arm, pressing himself against the taller man's side, rubbing his face up against him. "Did good, Q. I can already tell he's going to be a good fit.." He can feel the rumble of a purr against his chest, he felt like he could crumble then and there. Quackity rounds him on the other side and grabs his hand, luring him further into the house, Karl is already headed towards the living room. Before he knows it he's thrown into the midst of the sort of nest thing they've created in the living room, all sorts of blankets and pillows, he feels overwhelmingly warm. There's someone behind him suddenly, cradling his head and pressing tiny kisses to his face. Sapnap, the person behind him, is tugging off his hood leaving him shirtless but with his chain still on. George is already tugging off his sweats and Dream is playing with his nipples. "Sensitive?" Punz nodded his head and Dream took that as a sign to suck on his nipple. Sapnap is pulling off his gloves when Karl shyly comes up, experimentally licking at the other nipple before taking it between his lips too.

"Since you brought him I'll let you do the honors of going first." Punz raised his head, blurry eyes finding their focus on George who seemed to be talking to Quackity. His boxers are stripped off of him next and he nearly loses it as Quackity straddles him. Punz whines slightly, a small, high pitched, plea. "What a needy little slut." George breaks the relative silence of the room, tone mocking. "Really, even Sapnap wasn't this needy." Sapnap sputters a little, shooting George a glare. "You shoulda seen him." Dream pipes up. "He barely fought back, he at least had the decency to act like he didn't want to be destroyed at least." Dream latches back onto his nipple, flicking at the semi-erect nub. "No way, did he?" Karl asks. "I knew you were a switch, Sappy, didn't know you were such a bottom bitch."

The cat boys around him start to cackle out fits of laughter, seemingly having forgotten Punz was there ready to get his brains banged out. "Oh wow, harsh guys. I'm not as bad as Punz! Can we get back to that? He has a weird kink for this stuff." Quackity smirked, eyes hazy with a strange sort of dominance none of them had seen in him ever. "He pinned me up against the wall and begged me. It was fucking pathetic, man." Quackity spat, words harsh. "I say we make him work for it, since he wants it so bad." There's a resounding positive response to the idea, the group excitedly proposing ways to properly make him break with no regard to Punz just sitting there naked.

"Maybe we should pop a cock ring on him and ride him until he transforms?"

"Oo or maybe see how many dicks he can take?"

"His stupid little human body couldn't handle that!? He'd break in an instant; he can't produce slick yet!"

The discussion quickly devolves into bickering until George clears his throat and a hush falls over the room. All eyes instantly draw towards him and Punz can't help but feel compelled to do the same. It's strange how the whole group regards him as leader, he never gave Punz that sort of vibe but it makes sense to him now. Sapnap and Dream are loud and boisterous while he's more calculated, he talks with purpose, Punz even found himself waiting for George to speak. "Let Quackity decide." The two exchange a glance before Quackity nods and looks back to the group. "How about you guys let him eat the cum off your dick and I'll ride you." Everyone seemed pretty happy at the conclusion, grabbing at Punz's arms or hair, eager to go first. It startled him a little he had little to no say in the ordeal, in a good way. It was an alien feeling to him, it made him feel all tingly inside. Quackity soon grabbed ahold of Punz's dick, his fingers icy cold, and worked on getting the dick inside of him.

The rest of them relinquished Punz and started to jerk off, Dream and Karl still sucking at his nipples and Sapnap sucking light hickies into Karl's neck. Quackity sinks down slowly onto his

dick, making sure to take his time and press his cold boney fingers into Punz's pale hips. He can hear Quackity mutter swears under his breath, slick walls clenching down around him is such a perfect way. "Mm, face this way, pretty." Punz could only look on, through a fog of arousal, at George as he tilted Quackity's face towards him. The two lock lips, kissing sluggishly yet passionate, savoring the moment. Punz hears Karl let out the tiniest whimper, hips stuttering towards him as he lets up on the human's nipple. He nearly has tears streaming down his face. It couldn't have been that long but he had already cum copious amounts of thick cum all over his fingers. Punz's brain wanders back to the videos and articles, the more cum the faster the transformation.

Karl dangles his fingers in front of Punz's mouth and he already knows what to do. He takes a hold of his hand, licking off the long strings of cum, getting into every crevice. It reminded him of when his mom would let him like the batter off of the mixer when he was a kid, more so in the sense of feeling than taste. "F-fuck you're good with your tounge.." Karl's words are light and breathy. "You're going to have to do that with my dick sometime, or my ass, I don't care. Just need it, shit." Karl almost sounded like he was getting turned on again, to which Dream and Sapnap teased him slightly. A sudden breathy moan and the twitch of Quackity's hips pulled Punz's attention back up to him and George. They were desperate, Quackity so malleable and soft in his hands. "Fuck- hh- Ride hhim.." George, breathless, broke away once again to order Quackity to get to it. He instantly responded, nodding happily as he moved upwards onto Punz's cock. George grabbed Quackity by the hips, sucking gentle hickies and butterfly kisses into his neck. The younger man nearly threw his back out keening, bouncing himself upwards onto Punz's dick. They paid little attention to him, he was an afterthought, just a dick to satiate Quackity's needs. Fuck was that hot.

Karl is purring loudly into his ear, playing with Sapnap's dick teasingly. Dream is pressed against Sapnap's other side, his own dick hard between his legs left neglected. "Ngmh- Please- Please- You two are annoyinggg.." Sapnap groaned. "Make yourselves useful and get Punz off, I wanna make him eat the cum off my hand, that shit was hot." Sapnap's tone is bratty, annoyed mostly. The other two cat boy's tails flicked back and forth mischievously, prodding at Sapnap's body. Punz whined uncharacteristically high and needy, something he didn't believe he could do, instantly drawing everyone's attention. "Geez, can't live without the spotlight on you." Dream scoffs, threading his hands through Punz's fluffy blonde locks and pulling harshly. "How about we put that mouth to use? Think he'd look nice with his lips wrapped around your cock." Karl offers, Punz letting out a strangled noise as he feels Quackity speed up a little, slick wetting his dick. Dream hikes a leg up and over his chest, hand guiding his dick up to Punz's mouth but he needed little coercion to take it. He lolled his tongue sleepily around the head, drooling all down the shaft and licking up the beading precum at the tip. The cum he had sucked right off of Karl's fingers was starting to hit him, just like they all said it would. The dull pain in his lower back as well as his head. The ears and tail would probably grow in as he slept, a new invigoration filled him.

Quackity started to speed up, he heard the almost deafening slapping noise and the muffled moans. Punz couldn't see around Dream but he could only begin to fantasize about what the two are doing. He starts to take a little bit more and more of Dream's dick, slightly overwhelmed by it all. Between all that was happening and how he was slowly starting not to form thoughts Punz felt like he was drifting. It was easiest just to anchor himself by focusing on Dream, right Dream. He liked the way Dream treated him, he liked the way all of them treated him really. He wanted to be good, he wanted to be good so so bad. He loved the way Dream's cum tastes, how it sent him into a floaty state. He loved the way it weighed heavy on his tongue, how it filled up his mouth and gave it a purpose. He loved how it smelled, a familiar musky smell, He could take it all the way down to the base easily and just keep it warm.

Punz blinked rapidly, feeling the cum shot to the back of his throat. The world around him still had that fuzzy far off look, but he was happy here. He swallowed down the viscous cum on his tongue,

and his chest suddenly felt lighter. It wasn't because of the cum but rather Dream as he got up. There's another hand dangled in front of his face, a hand whose fingers were thicker than Karl's and slightly hairy but Punz didn't really care. He got right to cleaning them off, he felt another hand scratch at his scalp, calling him a good boy.

"So obedient."

"Make sure he's spotless."

"You love this, don't you?"

Punz's head swam, he soaked it all up. Every little compliment, every little kiss, every piece of affection he could get. He felt greedy that he got all this attention from them. Dream shook him slightly bringing him back into focus more. "You were asked a question." Punz nodded enthusiastically. "Yes, whatever you want, I love this. I love you, please." This seemed to please them, they cooed at him, babied him almost. "You can get back to it, Q." Punz hadn't even noticed Quackity stopped. "I can't wait to have him purring in my arms, he's gonna be a great addition." Quackity mutters, hands pressed against Punz's hips to make it easier for him to gain leverage. George is sitting beside him now, mainly just watching, muttering for him to go easy on himself or take his time. George looks at him with a genuine sort of care, it makes Punz feel all soft and mushy inside.

Quackity slowly bounces up and down, tiny huffs and puffs escaping him as he rides Punz's dick. His eyes flutter closed, scrunching up his eyebrows like he was deeply concentrating. "You seem really into this." George's voice is light as he giggles. "Shuddup.. fuck-" Quackity slurs his words together, slowly removing his hands from Punz's hips and supporting himself by only using his legs. It's impressive the amount of lower body strength he has, the layer of soft pudge on his belly and his thighs would lead you to believe otherwise. Punz only realizes how quiet the room has gotten when Quackity's breath hitches. He's purring now as his eyes open, it seems like he's hit his prostate. He keeps thrusting his hips in the same pattern, trying to replicate the same sensation. "Please.. please.. Oh god-" All eyes seem to be on Quackity, a comfortable silence over the rest of them. "God damn.. Your cock fills me up so good, I'm so glad you wanted this.." Quackity's eyes go wide, his hips twitching down, small needy thrusts. Punz can barely contain himself as he starts to thrust his own hips upwards. That seems to do it for him as he sinks all the way down and cums all over Punz's chest.

The world seems to stop for a moment, Quackity panting like a dog on his cock. He recognizes right away that something is different, his orgasm seemed to last a little longer, as Quackity lifts off of him cum practically poured down his thighs in thick globs. Punz feels like he's about to pass out, his head going a little floaty once again as he feels someone cleaning the cum off of him. There's arms under him, lifting him up, muttering intelligible sweet nothings into his ear. He feels safe, he wants to crawl further into the arms that hold him. He wants to crawl into the warmth they all radiate, curl up, and never come out. As long as he was within their embrace he wouldn't have to face the cold again.

---

Punz the next morning is sore. That's the first sensation that hits him, what he first interprets as soreness. Then as he rolls over in bed, one he did not pass out in, he hits a warm body, hears an affectionate chuckle, and his senses light up. Not soreness, definitely not soreness, need. A need his body had never known before, not even last night. Something that claws out from the pit of his stomach and consumes all his thoughts. This was past just a fetish thing now, this was some newfound instinct deep inside of him. He nearly jumps the man in bed next to him before he

restrains himself. “Feeling good, Punzie?” Sapnap asks, petting at the newly formed ears on top of his head. Punz stretches out, pressing his body against Sapnap and maneuvering his legs so that one of Sapnap’s is in between them. Sapnap pushes him off however, much to his displeasure, and chuckles. “Uh uh. You aren’t getting anything out of me until after breakfast.” Punz frowns, knowing that he probably won’t be able to break Sapnap’s will.

“Don’t worry, kitty. Breakfast will probably be done soon by the sounds of it.” There’s some clanging in the kitchen, idle chatter which Punz can hear remarkably well now much to his surprise. Sapnap’s hands find themselves behind the newly formed ears atop Punz’s head, scratching at them fondly. “Never took you as a bottom, this is a pleasant surprise really.” Punz moaned softly, the start of a purr bubbling up from his throat. He felt warm and fuzzy, like he was floating almost. Sapnap’s words are sweet, not overwhelmingly so but just enough to lull him into this headspace. “Mmn jus’ like pleasing people. Like to feel useful..” Punz slurs, Sapnap breaths a small sigh. “You’re doing a great job then.”

The door swings open slowly, interrupting the moment with the scent of cooked sausage and bacon creeps into the room. There’s soft footsteps against the carpet and suddenly lips pressed to his cheek. Punz turns over to see Sapnap taking the plate from George. “Your plate is in the microwave. It’s still warm. If you want to go eat, I can feed him.” George offers, stern tone from last night now replaced with a more subdued whisper. “I got it, I want to spoil him myself.” George nods, giving the two an amiable little smile before giving Sapnap a chaste kiss and leaving them in peace. “Open up..” Sapnap picks up a sausage off the plate, holding the slightly phallic food up to Punz’s mouth. He bites down, chewing sluggishly, eyes fogged over and half lidded as he goes to take a second bite despite not being done with the first. Meat tasted surprisingly good, better than usual even. He had never been too big on meat, ate it merely out of necessity really, but it tasted way too good. Sapnap shifts, Punz nearly takes his finger off as he finishes up the link. “Woah there bud, easy now.” Sapnap chuckles lightly, picking up a strip of bacon this time and feeding it to Punz bit by bit. “Good boy, ‘gonna need this to be nice n’ strong.” Punz was okay with that, taking mouthful after mouthful. Eating until he felt he was about to burst and then some.

## Chapter End Notes

To do:

Philza's home update

Trophy of war endings?

Punzwasnap guard au

# Punz's training

## Chapter Summary

Punz gets what he wants.

## Chapter Notes

Thank you for all of the support! With this update I'll be surpassing 100,000 words written across all of my fics and I feel like a milestone this big is sorta fitting for this fic.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The fuzzy haze of winter ebbs away into spring. Snow melts away, people steadily leave their homes, peaking out of doorways and staring through windows. A great amount of the human population had grown overly cautious. There's a general sense of relief with the human population, they stay strong in the face of hardship and there's a new sort of alliance between most humans. It's twisted that they could only come together when faced with a common enemy but that's just humans for you. Sworn enemies become great friends when you don't want to become some brain dead slut. That's not to say cat people couldn't make great allies, they were pretty smart when it came to getting dick.

It was an early spring morning, a meeting was called to the nesting room. George stood tall above the rest of them, in his full naked glory, as they all crowded around. The fuzzy domesticity of winter was gone now and breeding season was right around the corner. They had all been doing their part to get ready for when things really amped up. Karl and Quackity stocked up more food, Sapnap had been going around town flirting with people, George and Dream had been in touch with cat people all over the server. What may Punz be doing? What he does best of course, being the group's slut.

It was just a unanimous decision when he asked what he could do to help, he was eager to help, eager to serve. Serve he did. George got out the collar for him, clasping it around his neck. It felt so nice, cold metal hugging his neck, chains and detailing laying across his collar bones. The small bell on the front would jingle everytime he moved, alerting his masters everytime he moved, everytime he needed attention. That's another thing he got. One night after a grocery run Karl had come up to him holding a simple black leather leash in his hands and something else. "They're just for you! Quack and I took a wrong turn and ended up at a sex shop- I didn't even know this town had one!" A smile across Punz's face grew as Karl fastened the black leather mittens on him and connected the leash to Punz's collar. "I feel wrong for such a pretty kitty to be on a leash, you aren't a dog, but imagine how nice it would feel. So helpless, unable to move very far from where I've tied you." Karl cooed, squealing over how good it looks on Punz and how he'll be rewarded when the others see him.

Punz would be left in the nest, chained up to a nearby door handle and fixture, desperately waiting for someone to use him to work out their frustrations on. As cat people developed more complex

hierarchies this became a common trend. One person would naturally take up a caretaker role, usually acting as a leader who has most of the say as well as a nurturing role. Then there would be one new convert, usually a human that intentionally got corrupted or someone with an unusual high libido. Larger groups were known to have five to maybe even ten of these breeders, the group's favorite cum dumps. Though they still fucked one and other, the breeder took the brunt of it all. Punz fell into the role naturally, this was a fetish thing for him and even in his corrupted state, he just was letting himself fully explore it for the first time. Unhindered by judgement and free from working long shifts to keep himself afloat it was truly bliss.

Punz felt someone grab hold of his leash, untying him and pushing his back downwards so that his face met the plush flooring of the nest. "Feeling good? I've been busy. I hope you haven't been too lonely." George's dick is already pressing up against his ass, slick steadily dripping out of him. "Master, please-" George held the leash tight, pulling it back so Punz's head was held back. His head felt light as the gold collar dug into his soft neck, his hands tried to clamp down onto the nest but his fingers were useless in the mittens.

George loosened his grip, letting Punz sputter and cough out for him. Tears threatened to spill over, his pale blue eyes angled upwards as he tried to gain stability again. Blood rushed to his brain and he slumped over, feeling George push inside of him. It was only a matter of a few moments but fuck did it feel good. The sudden rush to his head sent him reeling. George lightly thrust into him a few times, basically just adjusting his hips as Punz recovered. "Such a good little slut. That's probably the first time you've felt blood rush to your dumb brain in months." Punz nodded enthusiastically. "All I can think about is your cock, that's all I want to think about. I hate it when you guys leave me alone. All I can think about is you guys coming back to take care of me." George laughed a light, affectionate laugh. "I know. Whenever I have to go out it's so hard to keep it in my pants." George slowly slides himself to the hilt, hips meeting Punz's ass. "Must be! God, I dunno if I could handle myself. I'd blow our cover the moment someone looked at me!" Punz can barely keep up conversation through purrs, his words drowned out by content noises.

His kitten was caught in the moment but George's enhanced hearing quickly picked up on the footsteps coming down the hall he was faced away from. "We need to talk about our next steps. Well, Sappnap had mentioned them earlier and we all need to talk about them." Dream walked into the hallway, leaning up against the wall. George didn't slow his pace, kept the leash tight in his hands. Neither of them acknowledging Punz as George turned his head towards Dream. "Alright, break up whatever Quackity, Sappnap, and Karl have going on in the bedroom and we'll talk." Dream sighed, crossing his arms, tail swishing behind him impatiently. "Last time I did that you know I just ended up in the middle of it all. Caught in the crossfire, licking slick off of Karl's ass? Ring a bell?" George's thrusts sped up, his hand meeting the place where Punz's tail met his back, gently scratching there. "You're a big boy. You can resist them." George cooed. "Don't you see I'm balls deep in Punz anyways?" Dream scoffed, rolling his eyes and turning down the hall. "Fine, but if we're late don't bitch to me, George."

George sighed, yanking on the leash as he once again focused. Punz let out a happy purr as George gave his undivided attention over to him once again. "That just gives us more time. Enjoy this, huh? I had to force the rest to feel this kind of pleasure. I had to convince them all but you bent over so nicely." It's something George wouldn't let go, something he wasn't allowed to forget. Punz never wanted to forget, everyone needed to know he was the group's slut, even humans. He could imagine how'd they judge him, sneer and scowl at such an unapologetic display. Well, they would before they knew what it was like. They were just ignorant to how blissful it all was and Punz could excuse that.

They'd never know the feeling of having the privilege to wear the piece of jewelry that started it all. They would never know what it felt like to be able to sleep next to five people they share such



great sexual chemistry with. Some of them were too embarrassed to let anyone touch their ass, too afraid to be judged. They're so stuck in their ass-backwards, mangamous, ways they don't let themselves experience true pleasure. God, how he felt for them. How he wished them better. How he wished he-

Punz's vision cuts out, him spilling his hedty load into the nest as George finally send him over the edge. Not only did he cum early, he came early thinking about transforming people. His brain was expertly fried at this point, his body going limp. George checks in on him briefly and humps his way to completion quickly. "We should get you cleaned, they'll only keep him distracted for so long."

---

George and Punz were comfortably bundled up in the nest, purring loudly as they talked about their seperate days. George sat in Punz's lap, tail wrapped around his concubine's waist, the two jumping slightly as Ssnap confidently made his way around the corner, flopping down in the nest. Quackity, Karl, and Dream followed lazily behind, all of them covered in bite marks and hickies, various bodily fluids drying on their naked bodies. "I've hunted down our next victim." Ssnap stated, already having made up his mind.

In all honesty Ssnap probably had the best judgement. He had been preparing for this for a while, he was easily the best at this. He had been around the block a few times, he had slowly edged himself into the small town's party scene. Most Fridays he'd come home, completely sober, hickies trailing down his neck and some money stuffed in his pockets. He made it glaringly obvious how easily he could play humans, he bragged about it even. There was obviously some unspoken jealousy between the group when they'd see Ssnap stumbling through the door, giggling about some guy he corrupted, but they didn't talk about it. He was too crucial to the plan.

"You are just now telling us?" Karl raised a brow, voice a little hoarse, but Ssnap was quick to clarify. "Well- I wanted to earlier, things got in the way- Listen- Technoblade, that pink-haired dude who lives with Phil. He comes to the bar every so often. I think he's a perfect target. Sits in the corner, nobody notices him. Nobody will miss him." Technoblade was a reclusive man, many rumors floated around about him. He was an author, a lot of people liked to claim he was Philza's sugar baby, he was only in the relationship for the cash to kickstart his career. Truly no one knew since the couple were such introverts. After Phil's son had disappeared the two were barely seen at all, they would be an easy target since the group was recently attracting attention. It's one thing if a bunch of freelance adventurers go missing but after Punz stopped showing up for work security got a little tighter. "It's a solid idea but what do you mean no one will miss him? His husba- er- boyfriend? Whatever the fuck-" Quackity huffed. "Phil- he's already missing his son. He's going to go apeshit if he loses his play toy."

"We could get them both. We have to get everyone at one point. I know we're trying to go slow to avoid detection but I have a feeling we're outgrowing this place." Karl pointed out the ever expanding nest taking up what was formerly the living room. They all murmured their agreements. "They'll be happier like us anyways. The guy won't even think about his son if he has to deal with you three." Dream pointed towards Ssnap, Quackity, and Karl. "Dude probably hasn't gotten good head in years." "True, true." "For sure." "Techno probably doesn't even suck him off in the first place."

"Alright, so we're decided? Ssnap you have an idea." George quiets the whole group, turning towards Ssnap who nods incessantly. "I've been fantasizing about this for way to long, you can trust me."

“Great, we’ll start next Friday. I do want to add them to the group before breeding season.”

## Chapter End Notes

Hello! Sorry this was short! I wanted to let everyone know this work isn’t just lost to my to do list, hopefully this is enough for now. On a related note, what’s the general consensus on himbofication/ jockification? It might be in the next chapter, I’ve been toying around with it a little since I don’t want to hit the same few notes each chapter, you know? Anyways, expect another chapter within 1-2 weeks. I’ll probably post some other stuff outside of that but that’s what I’m aiming for at the very least. Don’t want to leave you hanging for another four months.

# Techno

## Chapter Summary

Techno sits alone at a bar, unaware of the people watching him.

## Chapter Notes

// Strained relationships. I've hit tag limit so like I guess I should out it here.

Sorry for any spelling errors! I've been trying to get this monster of a chapter out of my drafts all weekend.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Friday, the sun had long set. Sarnap pops the collar on his shirt, his fingers ghost over the next button down on his shirt. He debates himself over how much bare skin is the difference between a whore at the bar and a cat boy trying to convince you he's human. His hand slips the button out of its hole- there's no such thing as too much boob, he smiles to himself. Coming up behind him is a naked figure, their tail lazily swishing behind them, another turns the corner, staring at Sarnap through the mirror. "Tonight is the night. Here to wish me luck, maybe even.." Sarnap turns to his boyfriends. "Give me a parting gift?" He hasn't hit the door and he's already gotten cocky. Even in the dim halls Quackity and Karl can make out leftover hickies on his neck. Hickies that weren't their doing, hickies that didn't belong to the group.

Quackity balled up his fists, shoulders drawing upwards. The sliver of light coming from their side highlighted creases in his face, his expression turning sour. Sarnap freezes up a little, backing up towards the table in front of the mirror. He believes for a split second Quackity is mad at him, he's upset with this new arrangement, that he never actually wanted to share this pleasure with him. A little bit of human creeps back inside of him, genuine worry, anxiety, fear interrupts his happy little world. But then Quackity pushes him up against the table and kisses him. Kisses him hard and rough, causing his heart to soar and his world to abruptly crash back into that soft, fuzzy, content, feeling. Quackity grabs him by the hips, hurriedly sucking on his tongue. It's loud and very gross, like they're horny teenagers again traveling with each other and not caring if the world can hear them inside their tent.

"Guys?" A soft voice interrupts them. Karl is still there, low purr rumbling through him. His eyelids are heavy and he cradles his face with one hand. His dick is half hard between his legs. "George said we should go with you? Are we doing that or..?" Sarnap perks up, smile spreading across his face as he takes Karl's hands in his. "You're coming? That's great! Let's get you guys some clothes!"

---

No matter how many times Karl goes outside he never gets used to wearing clothes. It was a side

effect or rather a feature- of the transformation. Rewired his brain in a way clothes just felt wrong. He only wanted a collar around his neck at most but it was a part of keeping his cover and keeping his group safe. So he tolerated it. "So what does he usually do? He comes often enough so what does Techno do at the bar?" Quackity kicked his feet against the asphalt as they j-walked across the empty street.

"He writes in this little notebook and acts anti-social. I tried to buy him a drink once and the dude just stared at me." There's a tinge of bitterness in his voice and Quackity can't help but giggle at him. "Oh so he goes to a bar just to write?" "Haven't seen him drink anything let alone initiate conversation with anyone."

---

Technoblade sits at the far end of the bar, in the corner. His long hair is a faded pink color, held back by a clip, his glasses are propped up on the bridge of his nose, he looks downwards at the pad of paper he hovers over. "Oh god, he really only comes here to write." Quackity chuckles, dumbfounded. The three watch from a table in the corner, right under a TV, practically in the shadows of the place. "Yeah, it's super weird. Never seen him with his walking wallet either." Sapnap sneers to himself. He leans in closer to Karl and Sapnap, not breaking eye contact with Techno's general direction. "That'll make our job easier. Right, boys? Nobody will notice him being gone." Karl and Quackity nodded. "This place probably has cameras. We can catch him on his way out. Go out the side exit, beat him to his house." Karl murmurs, the three of them are almost entranced with the man despite how ordinary he was.

"Smart boy. After Punz's disappearance we don't need more heat." Sapnap complimented, reaching out instinctively to pet Karl but he drew back quickly. Sapnap couldn't help but feel bitter he couldn't love his boyfriends publicly, show them off to the world, show them how good they both are. He loved the entire group so much it stung sometimes. He had talked it over with Dream and George a lot, moving out of L'manburg and possibly back to Pogtopia where they could live peacefully. Or possibly away from everything and out in the woods somewhere where they didn't have to worry about human interference. He loved what he was doing, it was a turn on, fulfilling. But it was risky and he had grown attached to the group and wouldn't want to put them in harm's way. "He's getting up." Quackity elbowed him, his eyes flickering over to see Techno slipping the notebook into his inventory and heading towards the door. The three of them nearly knock over their chairs in a rush, beelining it towards the side door and out into an alley.

---

Techno buried his hands deep in his coat pockets, you could visibly see that something weighed on his mind but he didn't let on. His steps were heavy, shoulders slouched, brows furrowed, it was almost cartoonish. Whatever it was made sure to keep his guard down. The former adventurer could definitely hold his own, even with his career ending injury in mind, but he was none the wiser to the three trailing him. He needed something to clear his mind and obviously his bar visit just didn't do the trick as it usually did. He meets an intersection and makes an unexpected turn away from Phil's house and goes the opposite way, his shoes scraping against the pavement, steps lethargic. He heads towards the gates, yep, that'll do the trick. He just needed to clear his head for a while. He could stay at a hotel the next town over, he didn't take into account he was unarmed and there were mobs out. He couldn't run like he used to so if he made it out he'd be toast. He was running off of self-hatred and anger.

He was only about a block away from the gates when he felt someone grab at his loose ponytail. The flimsy plastic snaps in half and clatters to the pavement, strands of hair covering his eyes and partially blocking his vision. He feels someone tugging at his hair, hands pushing him further into

the alley. There's scuffling and chaos, no light in the alleyway, he curses himself for not wearing his glasses. "Your sugar daddy home?" His back meets the brick wall of the alleyway, brushing his hair out of the way he sees three men closing him in. Based on the way they manhandled him he probably wouldn't be getting out of this unscathed; he wasn't nearly as strong as he used to be. "My boyfriend? He's not my sugar daddy. I don't have any money on me, check my inventory. You're wasting your time." Techno says flatly. Pulling up the menu and showing it to the three all he has on him is a notebook and pencil. "We're not here to mug you, damn. We've made it pretty far off of my savings, thank you." Sapnap acts slightly offended, taking off his baseball cap to reveal his ears. "Fine." Techno presses himself to the wall further, crossing his arms.

The three of them look slightly bewildered, looking to Sapnap for guidance but he's as equally shocked. "What do you mean fine? Aren't you going to put up a fight?" Quackity asked. "Do you have a thing for this..?" Karl asked quietly, quickly adding. "It's okay if you do! Nothing wrong with that." Techno shook his head and sighed. "No, I'm not. I- uh- Phil and I got into a fight earlier. Our relationship has been strained for a while. I need a change in pace. Whatever you have for me I welcome with open arms."

The three exchange a look, whispering to each other briefly. "Fuck, man. That's sad." Sapnap put back on his hat. "It's not really, just a rough patch. I feel I need to start something new." Techno idly picks at loose pavement, unable to meet the other's gaze. A hand is extended out in front of him, barely bobbing into his peripheral vision. "We were going to fuck you here but would you want to come home? It feels kinda wrong." Techno takes the hand, threading his fingers between Sapnap's work-worn fingers. "It's better than the alternative. Very gracious of you to take me home before you fuck me. What a gentleman." It's sarcasm but he obediently follows the group out of the alley way and back home.

---

When they make it back the house is completely empty, all the lights turned off. Sapnap, Karl, and Quackity exchange a quick few whispers. "We need to get some stuff ready, could you wait here?" Techno nods and the three enter the house. This was admittedly scary. He was just cornered by three men he vaguely knew and followed them home once they promised him the dick appointment he had been needing for months now. He had shut off the outside world for the most part, turned off the TV once the first few reports of cat people started popping up. He wasn't exactly sure what he was getting into, maybe it was a mistake. It was just a small fight, they've both been stressed lately. It all was sort of dickish on his part afterall. No one was keeping him there, at least right then. He could just walk away or better yet call out for help. He wasn't cornered in that alleyway anymore. There was just something about starting something new that excited him. It reminded him of how he felt meeting Phil directly after Techno's accident; getting an exciting opportunity directly after his world came crashing down around him. It's what kept him standing there. When Sapnap had peeked his head around the doorframe, now naked and revealing both his ears and his tail, he obliged his needy glance and walked into the house wordlessly.

The house is mostly dark except for a lamp lit up off to the side of what looks to be a giant pillow fort. Quackity and Karl were on top of each other, rutting against one another aimlessly as they made out. It felt cozy, maybe it was just because of the warm light flooding into the nest and the sickeningly sweet smell of slick but Tecchno found himself relaxing? Was this another part of their plan, their tactics to lure him in? Sapnap guides him into the nest, the two others directing their attention to Techno as the pillows under them shift. They're both naked just like Sapnap, none of the three seem to be able to feel any shame at how much of a lewd sight they are. They start to pull at Techno's clothes and he doesn't work against them, helping them pull his arms out of his jacket, unbuttoning his pants. His eyes are almost constantly focused on their bodies, not exactly out of

want- he does want them but that's not what he's focused on. They're pretty.. fascinating? He lets his mind wander to the reasons why they did certain things, why they were made to do certain things. Everything basically revolved around corrupting others and fulfilling certain needs. He'd love to write a novel about this someday, well, that was if he even wanted to pick up a pencil after settling into this lifestyle.

"What should we do to him?" Karl asks as they manage to wrangle the rest of his clothes off. You don't even need to start fingering him to know his ass is tight. Sapnap didn't even know if he had lube at this point, all of them naturally produced slick in such an excessive amount they never needed it. He did have some lotion to help with chafing but it was scented and probably not safe to put inside Techno. He turns behind him expecting to see George and for him to call the shots but there's no one there. "Here, I have an idea."

Sapnap reluctantly takes the lead, helping Techno up onto his hands and knees. Stripping him of his clothes they realize he has a brace on one of his legs and shift positions again out of an abundance of caution. This time he's sat directly on his ass and Quackity is snuggled up on his lap. They've moved him to one of the couches they've managed to unearth from months worth of nesting materials. They find an ottoman to prop his legs up on, Sapnap finds the remote and turns on the TV while Karl combs through Techno's hair. All three of them make a foreign noise to Techno, a deep rumbling sound emanating from the group that he realizes is purring. Sapnap settles on a channel and grabs a blanket, him and Karl sitting down on the couch and snuggling up.

"It's midnight tonight here in the greater SMP area and here's your hourly update on our cat person problem." There's a lady that sits in front of the screen, hair done up all nice, makeup professionally done, her suit perfectly pressed. She starts to drone on about the newest updates about humanity's gradual slutification. Techno's eyes are glued to the television as Quackity parts his cheeks, slick asshole rubbing against Technoblade's dick. "New studies by scientists conclude the origin of the phenomenon is still unknown to science. Traditional medicine doesn't work against treating whatever this affliction is and the work of scientists is being handed off to ancient scholars who have notably drawn parallels to ancient plagues."

Quackity slips himself down onto Technoblade's cock easily. It's unlike anything he's ever felt before. Yeah lube did the trick usually but this felt dirtier, nothing akin to anal. He wasn't sure if that was his conscious getting to him or what but he couldn't resist. Quackity steadied his hands on Techno's shoulders. His eyes were unfocused, hair messy, he moved his hips back and forth to properly settle on his cock and let out a deep sigh. Techno's gaze focused on how fucked out Quackity looked just by sitting on his cock but his attention was quickly pulled away by Sapnap. He was cuddled up to Karl, the two contently purring. There's some movement under the covers, repetitive movement and a few subdued moans. The two lock lips, moaning into the kiss and deeply purring. Sapnap breaks away, tapping the back of his hand against Techno's shoulder, not even bothering to look away from Karl. "Keep watching the TV. I want you to know every dirty detail. I want you to know what you're in for." Sapnap goes back to kissing Karl as Techno turns back to the TV. Quackity has his face buried in the crook of Techno's neck, suckling at his sensitive skin and rutting up against his soft tummy.

"It's been known to spread through bodily fluids: vaginal secretions, blood, saliva, and sperm. It's mostly been known to spread through sexual intercourse but there have been cases of it being spread through contact with blood. Health Officials recommend that people use condoms during sexual intercourse. In a widespread server-wide roll out condoms are being handed out free at bars, restaurants, college campuses, hospitals, etc. If you see large crowds of cat people stay away. Roads to major cities afflicted with major cat people populations have been closed off to properly seal up spreading."

Quackity let out a guttural moan, lifting his head up, his legs flex as he pushes himself upwards. "Do we even have condoms? Holy shit I don't think we do." Quackity chuckled, turned towards his boyfriends. Techno's dick isn't the largest, Phil certainly hasn't complained (or at least when they still had sex) but Quackity took him so effortlessly. All his moves were perfectly practiced, he hit all the spots he wanted to and none of the spots Techno wanted to just prolong the process. He felt like he was unraveling and the bastard was having a full on conversation with his boyfriends while destroying Techno's dick. "True." Karl's eyes focused but the movements under the blanket didn't cease. "I always made you guys go raw so I could eat out whoever was bottoming afterwards. It's not like we weren't STD tested regularly. Well, before all this." The three of them laughed amongst themselves, paying no attention to Techno literally trembling underneath Quackity.

"If you've been in contact with a cat person and have contracted the inflection you can start to see symptoms anywhere from immediately after to, in rare cases, up to seventy-two hours after. Some of the symptoms include pains and aches typically in the head area and lower back, increased libido, dizziness, vertigo, intelligence loss, fever, sudden weight gain, and fluid secreting from the anus. Victims may feel a heightened sense of arousal and develop a pack-oriented mindset and seek out others. Big groups of cat people can overwhelm singular humans."

Techno's hands sit awkwardly to his sides and he decides to move them towards Quackity's hips. He seems to like this muttering out for Techno to not hold back, commenting on how he doesn't bruise easily. The purring is intoxicating, fascinating, Techno was obsessed, in too deep. He just wanted to waste away his brain not analyze cat people's behavior. As he sat there, getting his brain turned to goo, he couldn't help but study Quackity. His face contorted with sudden pleasure, he hit something good based off of his reaction. Thrusts speed up and Techno tightens his grip. He starts to participate, really fuck into him. Quackity bables praises, tilting his head back towards the ceiling, showing off his neck and Adam's apple, bobbing up and down with every thrust. Finally Quackity manages to cum, spraying obscene amounts of cum across Techno's lower body, surely staining the couch further.

Quackity straightens out his back, joints popping and cracking as he recovers from the high. He dismounts him like it's nothing, Techno's pathetic, spent dick flopping in between his legs

Techno's jaw goes slack, his head slumping to the side. The TV is drowned out by his thoughts, too fast to be deciphered. The world around him seems like it's frosted over, like looking through that strange glass that's cloudy so no one can see in. It's like he's died and instead of going to whatever afterlife of his choosing he's stuck in cat boy purgatory where Quackity sucks the soul out of him regularly. His limbs feel tingly, drool drips down his lips, the others are doing something but he can't tell what it is. Has he been this neglected for so long, his petty arguments with Phil and the strain of his son's disappearance weighing so hard on their ties that now that he's orgasmed he feels like a whole new person? Maybe he should get into writing erotica after this. First hand experience would serve him greatly in all this, maybe get him a best selling title and a shitty movie because damn should everyone get to feel this.

Techno's body changes right before Quackity's very eyes. Techno's pretty average build is restored to its former glory from his adventuring days. Body slimming in certain places and defining in others, shoulders broadening and calves defining. He trembles as it happens, it's almost like watching a zombie villager turn back into a human. It's like nothing they had ever seen before. Quackity hurriedly breaks up whatever Sapnap and Karl have going on. "Holy shit I think I broke him!" Karl starts to laugh hysterically and Sapnap pushes him off him, getting up to grasp Techno's face, fingers smearing slick across his face. "George is going to kill me." Sapnap's face drains of all it's color. He looks like he's about to faint but Karl manages to subdue his laughing fit and prop him up. Quackity places two fingers against Techno's neck to confirm that he is in fact absolutely

alive. Techno slumps forward right into Quackity's arms. He moves his legs from the ottoman and tries to steady himself.

Quackity feels his body harden against him. Weight added onto him faster than what would be humanly possible but it wasn't soft, fatty skin he was met with. No, it wasn't a little pudge here and there much like Quackity's own body but it was muscle. It was like staring down at one of those gym bros. He noticed the previous changes and they were subtle enough to chock up to the regular transformation process but this was different. Techno was completely silent as his body became more and more foreign to him, the whole group was quiet. Whether that be in awe or horror they weren't exactly sure.

Then Quackity heard a soft chuckle and the arms Techno had wrapped around him squeezed his back, causing him to contort back as a cracking noise filled the room. Techno gripped him with a strange new found strength and pulled him back onto the couch, nuzzling his face up against Quackity's chest. "Q? Q? Are you okay?!" Sappnap tried to pry Technoblade's arms off of him but to no avail the man was now stronger than them all. "Ye- Yeah! Nothing broken-" Quackity lets out a groan as Techno rubs him in maybe a too sensitive spot. He feels his legs being moved suddenly as he is propped upwards and over Technoblade's cock once again. He doesn't even need to look towards Sappnap and Karl to know they're concerned so he reassures him. "It's probably just post-transformation horniness. I- I can break em' in." He slurs as Techno guides his hips downwards, forcing him onto his cock.

Sappnap and Karl relent, wearily sitting down next to them. "If you get tired one of us can switch out." Karl reassures. "I- Fu- I'm fine th-tha- thanks." Techno starts to use Quackity like a fleshlight, fucking into him relentlessly. Squelching sounds fill the room, quickly overwhelming Quackity with all the stimulation. Karl climbs over to the two and finally decides to intervene. He guides Techno to lay out across the couch, disturbing Sappnap in the process he simply says. "Alright, you need to calm down." It's a new sort of aggression they've seen from Karl, maybe not aggression per se but sternness? He takes the lead easily, straddling himself over Techno's face and slowly lowering himself. His leg power is surprisingly strong despite the months of relaxation. "Use your tongue." The command is more needy than his last one but Techno quickly obliges.

Karl's eyes screw upwards, legs going shaky. Techno laps up slick like he's dehydrated. He seems like the type of guy to clean this plate of any crumbs, run his tongue along the rim and politely ask for seconds. Karl nearly crushes him in the process, he's caught off guard by the skill. He savors the sweet-musky flavor filling his mouth. It's a miracle that someone who was just corrupted could so easily hold back from spilling his load. "He hasn't gotten action in months, can't tell if this is skill or whatever Quackity managed to do to him." Sappnap sat on the ottoman, wrapped up in a blanket and making commentary as his boyfriends got their souls fucked out of them. He was unstoppable, the almighty Technoblade Sappnap heard all those rumors about years ago. No wonder that the curse would react to Technoblade like that. He looked like just another jerk for hire adventurer. One that you could find around the back of the adventurers guild. One that couldn't get commissions but certainly dick so stuck to what he could do best.

Well, if Techno kept up at the pace he was at they'd definitely be getting their money's worth out of him.

---

It's a lot later now, long since the three of them ran dry and they had all started to doze off. "Just in time." Quackity calls out, voice fucked, as he hears the front door open. Three pairs of footsteps make their way down the hall, Dream, George, and Punz round the corner with an exhausted Phil riding piggyback on Dream. "Woah, what the hell happened to him?" George pipes up, he steps



towards Techno, eyes hungrily trailing over his new body. “You’re not mad?” Sapnap asks groggily, still perched upon the ottoman while the others cuddle. “Of course not. This is rather curious.” He scratches at the ears on top of Techno’s head. “He needs to rest now but I want to see him tomorrow.” George turns to Dream and Punz. “Can you get Phil and Techno to bed? In the actual bedroom. Come back here when you’re done. I want to talk about this, maybe even have a little group bonding?” Those who were awake murmured their agreements. Quackity and Karl got up off Techno’s lap, sleepily remarking about meeting Sapnap in the nest. Sapnap kisses them goodnight but instead of following them he sinks on over to George.

“Tough night?” George wraps his arms around Sapnap and the two of them sway back and forth slightly. “Yep, how’d date night go?” Sapnap smiled, turning his sights towards the nest. “I wore them out.” George snickered. “You are a handful.”

“Dream and Punz didn’t act up, did they?”

“Mm, Punz was an angel, that’s to be expected, and I managed to put Dream in his place.”

---

After the previous whirlwind of a night waking the next morning with the feeling of someone pressed up against his back is the most satisfying feeling Phil could ever feel. Two sets of strong arms slither up his bare sides, outreaching towards his chest. Thick fingers wrap around his tits, taking the small mounds of flesh in either hand and squeezing. Phil’s back arches out of surprise, fuck his hands were cold- Was this really what he was missing out on all those months. Techno’s warm breath stutters against his shoulder. He lets out a sweet chuckle and grabs at his pecs again, rubbing his nipples in between his fingers. “Mmmn.. Missed you.” Techno’s words are a little spaced out, a lot more languid, like he had to think consciously about every word. “I should really apologize-“ Techno shushes him, guiding Phil onto his back and straddling him. He finally gets to see Techno’s new look as the cat boy looks down upon him. A finger lightly brushes a hair out of Phil’s face. “Pretty men.. don’t have to apologize.” Techno cradles Phil’s face with one hand, giggling punctuating nearly every gap in his speech. This is a total one eighty from the Techno he knew. There was a visible shift in his normally brown eyes, a new light inside of them. Perhaps a new purpose.

Who was Phil to question his circumstances? Especially while he was horny and had a very attractive man pounce on him and call him pretty. He could worry about his relationship later, when his dick wasn’t calling the shots.

## Chapter End Notes

I’ll probably expand of the whole Techno dilemma next chapter and show part of Phil’s side of the story. Other than that expect possibly a Philza’s home update and I have a Karlnap thing in the works.

# Wilbur's training

## Chapter Summary

Wilbur gets curious

## Chapter Notes

I said on twitter this would be a like little treat of an extra chapter but it got too long so I'm splitting it up and then getting back to the main plot. I finally have motivation to write this so yes this fic isn't dead lmao I promise it won't take me nearly a year to update again.

This is super self indulgent so please mind the tags. This is very dubcon.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Humanity seemed drawn to street cats like Wilbur. He was always vaguely aware of the remaining humans in the city; they made themselves known occasionally, taunting the hordes of cat people who were ready to pounce. The two factions in the city stayed apart despite the draw of curiosity, which quickly became a problem for the increasingly pent up cat people population. With the flow of humans to turn slowing and rumors spreading about their fun coming to an end tension started to mount.

Wilbur had changed quite a bit since he was corrupted. He thoroughly sank into the role of street cat, lacking the civility and planning groups of cats had. On that particular night he was heading over to the next big party to get off on the further downfall of the city when something stopped him in his tracks.

A door, painted red, down a back alley. It was cracked open and pitch black inside but he could hear something. His ears flicked to the side as he realized that the noise was voices.

*"...those cat people.."*

*"tearing up the city..."*

*"..no way out."*

Cautiously Wilbur approached the door, thinking he stumbled upon the jackpot, he took it slow. The door creaks open slowly and he tries to take a look around inside the room but it's nearly impossible. He searches blindly through the darkness, his hands meeting cold metal he thinks he's discovered a breakthrough and then-

*SNAP!*

Wilbur was stuck in a cage, a human sized wildlife trap designed to trigger once he stepped inside. He isn't as dumb as an animal, surely, he can figure a way out. The cat person tries to reassure

himself as he starts to realize that with his feralization things like locks and traps are now foreign to him. He blindly calls at the cage in his panic, realizing he's now not in a position of power. Wilbur is stuck, trapped, at the mercy of the humans. This is how it ends, he'll be taken away and who knows what will be done to him. They'll experiment on him, take him apart and try to figure out why he's like this.

The voices he heard from the alley repeat in his ears as he struggles, mocking him almost. Their pre recorded voices with a faux sense of worry laced within them.

---

"Mornin' sweetheart."

Wilbur is woken by someone jostling the cage, a sleek leather shoe is the first thing he has the pleasure of seeing through the bars. "You're a keeper for sure, fine quality cat, aren't you?" Wilbur follows the shoe upward, eyes tracing the body of the human that had captured him. He presses his body closer to the ground out of fear of the figure towering over him. "Not much of a talker, that's good. I think you might be coming home with me." The human laughs at his own sick joke whilst fiddling with the cage.

The newfound freedom Wilbur had was so easily stripped away as he started to realize his circumstances. He isn't with a pack of his other street cats, he had stupidly wandered into human territory and this man had every intention to domesticate him.

A blanket or some sort of sheet is draped over the cage so that Wilbur can't make out anything and something is wedged under the cage so he can be transported away.

---

When the cart stops Wilbur can tell there's more people around him. Humans make conversation and he can hear more cats like him all around him.

"Are we TNR'ing him?"

"No, no, I'm taking this one home with me. I might throw him in with the other sluts for a day so they can teach him some obedience."

The sheet is pulled up slightly and someone peaks into his cage, eyeing him like a predator eyes a hunk of meat. "Good call. Gotta say I'm a little jealous."

"I don't mind sharing. Maybe you can come over someday and we can set up a little play date." There's pride in the human's voice, he's proud of conquering Wilbur. "Sounds like a plan."

The sheet is lowered once again and the human carts him off to another part of the place, this time with a lot more cats. He can hear purring, which is reassuring, but after what he's been through he can't quite trust his ears anymore.

"Hey, Kitty." The human lifts the sheet off completely as the cart stops once more. It appears they are in a warehouse-like environment with a bunch of cubicles put in place.

"S Wilbur.." He manages to slur out.

"Wilbur? Well then you can call me Schlatt. I'm your new owner. I'm sure you're scared but trust me you'll come to love this situation. It's within your nature to love cock anyways and you're about to get a lot of it, trust me." Schlatt pushes the cage flush to some hatch in one of the cubicles,

going on to further explain. “You’re going to go through some conditioning, just to replicate what you might experience in a pack to domesticate you. That nice cat man on the other side is just gonna fuck you open and teach ypu some manners. Yeah you like that?”

Wilbur stays pressed towards the back of the cage, still slightly overwhelmed by the entire situation. Schlatt rattles the cage, sticking his fingers in between the bars. “C’mon now, in you go.” Wilbur, like an animal, is coerced out of the cage and into the small sectioned off area of the cubicle. Unlike the bars of the trap or the concrete floor of the warehouse he’s met with the plush feeling of carpet under his hands and knees.

“Oh, hello! I wasn’t expecting a visitor.” Wilbur turns towards the voice behind him and nearly jumps out of his skin. Sitting in the corner is a naked cat person, curled up in a sizable nest of personal items and soft things. He’s considerably bigger and stronger than Wilbur, although the ears atop his head say he’s a friend, the collar around his neck has Wilbur backed into the corner scared.

“Woah, okay, easy man. I’m not here to hurt you. Schlatt brought you in, right?” Wilbur nods his head yes. “Yeah, yeah, he has the tendency to scare newbies. He’s a little rough around the edges but he’s not that bad.” He rises out of his nest but stays low to the ground, approaching Wilbur cautiously.

“I’m not here to hurt you, my name’s Foolish and for the next few days we’re best buds.” When Wilbur says nothing he sighs in defeat, uneasily fiddling with his collar. “Look, I know this situation isn’t ideal for either of us but- here.” Foolish picks up some of his nest and drops it in front of Wilbur’s face. “I’ll let you reorganize my nest to how you want.”

Wilbur eyes him wearily but after a moment he pushes himself up onto his feet. “I’ve never slept in a nest before so I don’t really know how to put one together.” He scoops up the materials and ump them back into the corner.

“You haven’t slept in a nest before? Where do you sleep then?”

“Benches, stoops, alleyways, uh, whatever is most convenient.”

“Ah, uhm, alright. Why don’t I show you?” Foolish is now painfully aware of his comparatively privileged lifestyle, he awkwardly once again scoops up the sheets and blankets. “We have time, I want to make you feel at home.”

Wilbur doesn’t have a home, not since he’s had the uncontrollable urge to get his dick wet, but nonetheless he goes along with it. He listens to Foolish rambles about the most optimal nest building techniques, how it’s “just a big pillow fort if you think about it”. Eventually, after much coaxing he helps out, or at the very least gives the instruction for the stronger man to put everything up the way he wants it.

By the time they’re done Wilbur feels more at ease. A sheet hangs above their heads to at the very least give the cubicle-like room a roof and the pair some privacy. Wilbur and Foolish sit a considerable distance away from each other and some comradery is established. Even if Wilbur is not too fond of the collar that hung around Foolish’s neck he’s a hell of a lot better than the man that set up the cage.

That’s why Schlatt left him for a few days. So they can warm up a bit, Foolish is stupidly likeable, that’s why he’s so good at his job. Of course being thrown in there against his will would make Wilbur a little hesitant to submit to him. He just needed some time before his instincts told him he was safe and he could go back to whoring himself out.

Foolish is so effective at helping along the domestication process because he doesn't force himself onto the other cats. He makes them feel at home, he cuddles up to them and wins their hearts and in turn they open their legs.

The best part about it is that Foolish has no clue.

He believes he's genuinely helping, putting them at ease, but in all reality he's instilling a false sense of trust.

It had happened sometime at night, when the lights were down low and most of the purring nearby had died down. Wilbur hadn't quite joined the nest Foolish was in, he was off to the side with one hand around his dick and the other clasped over his mouth. He was a filthy creature who couldn't help but give into the temptations of his curse.

He couldn't get his hands on the human that stripped his freedom away but he could use his hands. The cat person could let his mind go wild and delve into the sadistic pleasures he'd get from watching as Schlatt's ass leaked his cum. What pleasure he'd gain to see cat ears sprout through his greasy brown strands of hair, to hear his first purrs in his arms, oh how he-

"You uhm, you need help?"

It's Foolish, he's sleepy, but he can almost smell out someone in need of his help. *Help* that's what he's doing. "Please, holy shit."

Foolish scrambled to get up, hoisting Wilbur up and over his shoulder just to playfully toss him into the nest. "How do you want me to do it?"

"Fuck me- Christ man- Your dick is huge." Foolish straddled him, burying his face in his partner's neck.

Another reason why Foolish was so good at his job was because of his dick. He was big and he was well aware how to use it, it was quite literally mind breaking. Anyone who ever came in contact with it wasn't the same afterwards and Wilbur would be no exception.

Wilbur tilted his head back as his lover decided to stake his claim to him, sucking and biting hickies into the side of his neck as a hand rubbed at his ass to make sure Wilbur was producing enough slick. Thick and well practiced fingers scissored him open just wide enough, hitting that goldilocks spot between too tight and tearing. Having sex like this is second nature to Foolish, he's more experienced than the street cat beneath him who literally lived in orgies.

What he's doing isn't for his pleasure, it's for Wilbur's. The aim of the game is to get him drunk off the pleasure, it's for Wilbur to crave it, to yearn for it, want it more. To want it from the human that takes him home and keeps him as a trophy of their triumph over the cats that tore up the city.

The second Foolish pushes in Wilbur is gone.

His mind is moving so fast it feels like everything around him slows. The way Foolish brings down his hips and grabs onto Wilbur slows things for a second. "Am I doing good? Please Please tell me I'm doing good?" "Fuck, Foolish, you're the greatest. You are way too skilled to be some- some prize for those pompous assholes--"

Foolish swallows hard, invigorated by the praise only a house pet could enjoy his hips speed up. He repeated pounds just about where he needed to, right into Wilbur's prostate. The cat person under him absolutely shakes with each thrust, going as far to wrap his limbs around Foolish as if he'd ever let him go.

As Wilbur orgasms for the first time that night he lets out a broken purr. He doesn't stop purring for days, as long as he's under Foolish, in Foolish's nest, by his side. Wilbur acts like the cat person's cum dump, he thrives off bending over for him and joining the symphony of corrupted purrs echoing through the warehouse.

---

After four days had passed Schlatt had been back to pick him up. It pained Wilbur to leave Foolish, it really did, but he was just one of the many people Foolish got to break in. Ultimately Wilbur was nothing special, and like a good pet it was his time to go home and curl up with his owner.

"Before we leave I need to give you something."

Schlatt fiddles with something in his pocket, bestowing upon Wilbur a frilly little thing. A red collar, inscribed with Wilbur's name and his owner's contact info. "Now that you're mine I want everyone to know that. You've been so good for the nice people here." Schlatt unclasps the collar, gesturing for his pet to turn around.

He oh so carefully puts the collar on him, hands resting on Wilbur's pale shoulders. "You look so pretty like this." Wilbur's hand meets Schlatt's. "I feel pretty."

"Far from the street rat I picked up for sure."

## Chapter End Notes

### [Twitter](#)

This was probably one of my most requested fics to update. If you'd like to request something you can do so [here](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!